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James Wilson
305 Sea View ave
feb 1 94

Light of Truth

AN EXPONENT OF THE NEW PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE, HERE AND HEREAFTER.

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SOME FACTS OF NATURE.

C. H. MURRAY.

While man inhabits the material form he is confronted by the phenomena of nature that result from forces operating upon the grosser substance of the universe. These forces, ever shifting and surging through matter, give it outline and motion. By these the attention of the awakening mind is arrested, and thought springs into growth. The nascent soul is quickened by its observation of the multiplicity and variety of the objects about it and their complicated relations. A proper estimate of man's place in nature can be made only by broadest generalization based upon knowledge of a vast number of facts. It is one of man's highest duties to acquire these facts and properly connect them. A neglect to do so has made him a slave of superstition to be preyed upon by ignorant quacks or supercilious God-finders.

It is vivid consciousness of the external world that awakens the internal thought. The poet expresses more than others, because the intensity of his consciousness enables him to perceive more. The light that on some falls dead penetrates his soul and causes it to thrill with ecstasy until he is impelled to reflect it in bright tints or gives to music a song. Those who truly feel the grandeur of nature's forces can not be made to tarry in the petty limits of a humanly invented worship. The volume that they read lifts the vision upward instead of causing a debasing glance upon the earth under foot. The soul keenly conscious of its relation to the universe takes wing in freedom, and is forever released from the servitude of fear. It has the courage to eat of the fruit of the tree of knowledge. The imperial road towards wisdom is found only when man ceases to be a coward. Then he will interpret the facts of nature in such relation that he will perceive the truth divested of those exaggerations that man's egotism has invented. To show how little the necessities of man are considered in dispensing the stupendous activities that unceasingly operate upon the material of space, I will call attention to the sun's waste heat, wasted as far as any of the teeming life of earth is involved.

In our business affairs we are constantly admonished to be economic; to make the most of the material and waste nothing. If one rivet will do, use no more; if one thread holds the same, barely use one. But this is not nature's way. A large volume could be written on her prodigality and shiftless methods. Her superfluous expenditure is scattered right and left as she spends her energies in reckless profusion. She is not particular about proprieties or scrupulous in her proportions when she has a purpose to fulfil. She always has many times more than a measure full. It is said that the pollen from one corn tassel is sufficient, if it were all utilized, to fertilize all the corn silks that grow upon a hundred acres; and yet, associated with it, is only the silk of a single stalk. But this is insignificant compared with what follows.

Nothing of late years has more engaged the attention or puzzled the wits of physicists than how the sun maintains undiminished, century after century, his prodigious heating and lighting power. All ordinary experience shows that to produce heat something must be burned, or some other force must be converted into heat. In these later days we have got rid of the notion that something can come from nothing. The sun gives off enough heat every day to represent the combustion of millions of tons of coal. But the marvelous matter to notice is, not how great in quantity is this heat, but how very little of it is used—according to our apprehension in a profitable way. What would we think of one who would burn all at once a mass of coal a million times larger than the largest mountain to warm a single person? Yet the sun is doing something similar to this continually. What is precious as very life itself is squandered apparently in the most reckless dissipation.

Let us consider how valuable are his light and heat when we know that every living thing on the surface of our globe owes its origin and sustenance to the sun's heat. Let him be eclipsed a few months and universal death would ensue. How much of this energizing power has opportunity to be converted into the various activities of earth life? In round numbers the mean diameter of the earth's orbit is 180,000,000 of miles. Let us imagine a sphere of equal diameter and place the sun in its centre. The radius of this sphere, or the distance from its centre to its circumference, will represent the distance at which the earth receives its light and heat from the sun. The sun's energy radiates in every direction from his surface. How much of this energy does the earth intercept to convert into life and activity? It is obvious that the earth, whose diameter is 8 000 miles, would cut out a circle on the surface of our supposed great sphere of—in round number—25,000 miles in circumference. What proportion does this circle bear to the entire area of our shell sphere? Such a relation that would require 2 045,493,191 terrestrial globes to cover our shell sphere, and then there would yet be the inter-spaces between our globes in contact, by which a fifth of the light would yet leak through. So that in round numbers the earth does not get the benefit of one twenty-five hundred millioneth part of the sun's light or heat. Is not this trivial proportion a most powerful argument against the belief that the chief purpose of the universe is to generate life, and that the maintenance of life is the culminating intention of all the cosmic forces that surge and whirl through the depths of space? The grandeur of the universe is not in monads or man. These are but insignificant incidents in the drama of time. The conceit of man has caused them to regard nature as subordinate to themselves; and having started with this false premise their errors have barred them against anything like a true interpretation of their relation to the phenomena about them.

What becomes of the remainder of the sun's light that flows uninterrupted for ages from his great pulsating heart? Its life-generating, animating forces are shot off into the bottomless depths of infinite and everlasting space, and—shall we say lost? Only apparently so. In nature nothing is lost. These forces are *somewhere* converted into other forces and the scattered threads are picked up to be woven into other fabrics, or colored to brighten some new figure in the ever-varying kaleidoscope of time. The ray of light that just missed us yesterday, and thereby failed of vivifying a grass-blade or swelling a bud, may speed on through the rifts of space for innumerable ages before it is arrested and turned aside into new fields of duty. So nature in her prodigality scatters what would people twenty five hundred million worlds like ours, into the realms of space, and considers our needs an insignificant incident in her purposes. Is it a wonder that, with all her profusion as an example, some of her human children fail to make all of their material effective and permit much of their energy to drift into unfruitful channels?

CONSTITUTIONAL LIBERTY LEAGUE.

[To the Editor of the LIGHT OF TRUTH.]

As some of even your well-informed readers may be unfamiliar with the origin, objects, principles, methods, history, labor, and literature of our National League, they may thank you for this introduction.

It is the natural sequence, legitimate and inevitable outgrowth of the poisonous and necessarily unsatisfactory system, the intolerable bigotry and inquisitorial persecutions of medical practitioners.

The primary purpose of its incorporation was to restore and maintain the citizen's constitutional liberty, to employ whomsoever he wills to treat or heal him. Its growth, activity, and efficiency was fortunately stimulated by the almost incredibly inhuman attempts of doctors to fine and imprison healers "for performing the act of healing contrary to the statutes."

Its scope, dignity, wholesome influence, and indefatigable exertions are revealed in its unparalleled literature, and successes are scored by innumerable proposed medical bills that never became laws. For over a third of a century Massachusetts has been styled the "paradise of quacks," and the experience of this most cultured commonwealth has induced our National League to recently resolve itself into a sort of public health society. That great, eloquent, and witty orator, Hon. George W. Stearns, was a member of the distinguished legislative committee, which, in 1859, after months of searching investigation, recommended the repeal of all medical laws.

Thirty years after, in an argument against restoring the laws then repealed, Mr. Stearns quotes the great regular, Dr. Jarvis, President of the Statistical Society, as saying, "Life is increasing, not only in duration but in power and vigor, now more than ever." Mr. Stearns also says, "According to Shattuck's statement, the deaths from 1738 to 1752 in Boston were eighty-five of the population." This was before "irregulars" were permitted to practice. "Now," Mr. Stearns exclaims, "what do you suppose the death-rate is in this Eden of quacks?" and answers, "Now it is forty-two, so that quackery (medical liberty) has reduced the death-rate one half."

"The other day," continues Mr. Stearns, "I asked a distinguished president of a life insurance company of this city what had been the effect of this free lance system of quacks in this commonwealth; and he writes me: 'Life is longer than it was forty years ago, and no year in the last thirty has failed to show a gain on the tables of mortality.'"

This is incontestable evidence that medical liberty and reform practice have actually reduced the death-rate every year since the "regular" law was repealed. "By their fruits you shall know them." A comparison of the records of the "regulars" with that of the reformers reveals a startling contrast. In fever, the allopaths confess they lose forty out of one hundred patients, the homeopaths admit they lose seven or eight, while the hydropaths cure ninety-seven, lose three. Thus authentic statistics show thirty-two "regularly" fatal cases, "irregularly" curable by homeopathy, and thirty seven by hydropathy. If the facts were contrawise the "irregulars" would be convicted of manslaughter. While healers have no statistical records their frequent cures of admitably incurable diseases, and the innumerable cures effected after all medical methods and scientific skill had been ineffectually employed and exhausted, demonstrates the decided superiority of ministers of health over ministers of disease.

Thus the State statistics, admitted authorities, medically prepared mortuary tables, life insurance records, and the magnificient daily achievement of healers confirm the claim of our National League that medical liberty promotes public health. Is it not the duty, the imperative, inexcusable duty of every one familiar with these facts to declare them far and wide, and encourage our National League's efforts to protect and promote public health in every possible legitimate manner?

Public sentiment is superior to laws, legislatures, or courts, they are but creatures of public sentiment. Years of experience and the expenditures of several thousand dollars annually in creating and directing wholesome public sentiment successfully, emphasizes the transcendant importance of wielding public sentiment righteously. It is incomparably easier and cheaper to create a public sentiment that will defy medical monopoly laws than to repeal them. Therefore, we appeal to your readers to improve every opportunity to utilize the press and platform in popularizing medical liberty and reform practice. An inexpensive and effective agency in directing public opinion aright is our Medical Liberty Literature, gladly supplied in quantities at reduced rates.

Living Issues, of Boston, Mass., says editorially: "In scope, dignity, character, and widespread influence League Literature is unparalleled." Its propaganda is admirably calculated to cultivate patriotism, philanthropy, and respect for honorable legislation and good government.

That revered reformer E. D. Babbitt, M. D., of the College of Fine Forces, East Orange, N. J., has written various journals as follows: "I want to speak a word in favor of the National League. It has for years done a magnificient work for humanity, what medical freedom we have left being the result of its influence."

Those who feel disposed to contribute money to it will help a grand cause, and those who wish to send its documents to our legislatures or elsewhere will receive them at a reduced price. The reduced price of our entire Medical Liberty Library is one dollar prepaid by mail. Dr. Babbitt adds, "Let every liberal mind send for books and documents on this subject to Mr. J. Winfield Scott, Secretary of the National Constitutional Liberty League, Boston, Mass."

If any of your readers would promote the efficiency of our National League, let him or her send us the name, address, and *occupation* of every person *known* to be favorable to medical liberty and reform.

Another especially helpful means of co-operation is to address *marked copies* of papers containing editorials or contributions relative to the enactment or enforcement of medical monopoly laws, to yours for constitutional liberty and medical reform, J. WINFIELD SCOTT, Sec'y.

Headquarters, Boston. Mass., June, 1893.

RELIGION.

DR. E. D. BABBITT.

True religion is the heavenly side of science, the divinest motive power of philosophy, and yet it is the very angel of every-day life which sanctifies and sweetens human loves and tends to lift up even the humblest soul.

Religion is the aspiration for the spiritual and the divine, the culmination of which we call God. Ethics or moral science is the presentation of the duties which God's children owe to each other. Physical science is but an investigation of the works of God as seen in the external cosmos. Art portrays the works of God in colors, forms, or sounds. Philosophy grasping science in one hand and law in the other, reveals the framework of both the material and spiritual universe through which shines forth the glorious deific presence, dimly at first on account of man's spiritual blindness, but more and more luminous and wonderful through all the eternal years. It includes theology, but rises far above all narrow, sectarian conceptions.

The Atheist, prone to place all power in matter and ignoring the existence of spirit, declares that thought and mind are simply the result of a happy chemical combination between the particles of nerves, blood, and brain. But by what process can electricity or chemical force develop thought, feeling, volition, and consciousness, or give the knowledge to measure and weigh the worlds? Protoplasm, say the Materialists, is the principle of life. But what is the power back of protoplasm, a thousand times more important than the protoplasm itself, which quickens it into this life, and finally evolves man with his amazing faculties of intellection? Is it not plain that there is something far more subtle than any known properties of matter as the intelligent principle? Can a stream rise higher than its fountain? It is not proper, then, to call this wonderful soul-developing power which lives through all life and vivified all matter, Infinite Spirit?

To say that matter has the power of everlasting movement in itself is contrary to the verdict of science, which has decreed that *perpetual motion in mechanics is impossible* For this reason there must be something higher than matter in the universe, for the movement of its vast wheelwork is not only perpetual but eternal.

"In this age of scientific attainment, the most thoughtful and cultured minds demand the demonstration of all beliefs and theories by actual facts of the living present. Under their lead the world is tending to Materialism which denies immortality; or to Spiritualism, which being intuitional, has naturally a quick perception of the finer laws of being, and building upon a large array of phenomena, both objective and subjective, is led to a knowledge of spirits who have once been human beings, and hence very logically infer that there must be an infinite spirit as the source and parent principle of the boundless spirit life of the universe.

Such are a few of the thoughts extracted from the opening chapters of Dr. E D. Babbitt's work on "Religion," the outcome of which is to show that true religion is not dependent on any special form of belief or Churchianity, but that aspiration and inspiration will lead to a natural religion which can be measured with science, and prove more effectual in the end. For further particulars concerning the book see price-list, seventh page. MORE ANON.

RESPLENDENT CASSADAGA.

[To the Editor of the LIGHT OF TRUTH.]

In connection with the work done at Camp Cassadaga during the past few years, many points of especial interest to the public have been overlooked by your several correspondents from Lily Dale. Let it be remembered that the awakening at Cassadaga was due to a spiritual influx from the unseen world that met with a hearty response from those interested in the cause of Spiritualism at this place. Many improvements had already been begun in 1890, and the work of 1893 has been built upon the inspiration received from last year, and carried forward to a greater distance than at first seemed possible, through the consecrated efforts of the friends of of Cassadaga in the supernal as well as in the material worlds

These earnest workers saw the necessity of taking several steps forward in the way of beautifying and permanently improving our Summer home. One day a lady called upon P. L. O. A. Keeler, the eminent psychographer, for a slate-writing from a recently arisen sister. Her message was very satisfactory, but her pleasure was augmented when she found a second message from the guides of Cassadaga Camp. This message stated that the guides wished to give a series of communications bearing upon the future of Lily Dale in reference to what should be done to make our camp a strong spiritual centre, "the city upon the hill whose light could not be hid," which the spirit world designed it to be. Spirit Wm. Denton, for the guides, designated Mrs. E. J Huff, Mrs. A. L. Pettengill, and Mrs. M. H. Skidmore to sit with the medium for these messages. Several remarkable communications were given, when T. J. Skidmore, Hon. A. Gaston, and H. W. Richardson were invited to the occasional seances. Message after message was given under fine test conditions, written in terse language, yet explaining in full what should be done at once to introduce new life into the workers here. Some of these messages contained over fifteen hundred words, couched in sentences well worthy of the eminent scientist whose name was appended to them. These messages made a profound impression upon the minds of all the friends of Cassadaga, and kindled a desire in their hearts to carry out the work designated in these wonderful communications from our arisen friends. Accordingly the work was divided, and the appointed ones, obedient to the heavenly vision, began at once to do all in their power to build an addition to our Cassadaga, from the spiritual as well as from a material standpoint.

Mrs. A. L. Pettengill, an efficient, hard-working member of the board of trustees, and one of God's true noblewomen, at once threw herself, heart and soul, into the work of renovating and improving the hotel and the assembly grounds. The association office was moved to a more convenient place, thereby adding much to the natural beauty of the grounds at the entrance, and affording a better view for the adjacent cottages. The swamp near the gate was filled in, the roads graded and improved, while the hotel was repainted within and without, elegant furniture placed in the parlor, and many improvements made in some of the rooms. The diningroom put on a new appearance, while the table accoutrements were all changed in a way that gave a new appearance to everything, and made the hotel a formidable rival for many of the *elite* hotels on Lake Chautauqua. All of these most desirable changes have been wrought at the instigation of Mrs. Pettengill, who is never so happy as when she is doing for others, and adding something to the sum total of human happiness. The effect of her touch has been almost magical in beautifying and improving Cassadaga, and can not be appreciated in full until seen with the naked eye.

H. W. Richardson, another most efficient member of the board of trustees, heard the voice of the spirit with an attentive ear, and listened gladly to the admonitions given by the camp guides. He communed with his arisen parents, and other near relatives, all of whom advised him to assist them in forwarding the work that Cassadaga had been destined to accomplish. His own intense love for Spiritualism and inate desire to do good unto others also prompted him to act, and he at once took steps to carry out the wishes of our arisen friends. His was the mission to give material light to the camp, so that its wonderful works might be seen by all who entered its gates. He spent many weeks studying electricity and the various systems of electric lighting, the result of which has been the electric light plant now in operation here. A brief account of the first illumination was given in the LIGHT OF TRUTH for May 27th 1893. Mr. Richardson's indefatigable efforts have given us a splendid system of light, all working in excellent order. This one departure alone marks a new era in Cassadaga's history, and paves the way for a museum, a memorial hall, an art gallery, horticultural hall, etc., *that must soon follow if our camp is to continue to improve.* These things will surely come, if other men, like Mr. Richardson, can be induced to express their religion in *works* rather than in *words.*

The healthfulness of this lovely spot next required attention, and our friends from both sides of life saw the necessity of a thorough system of sewerage for the protection of the health of the many visitors to our spiritual Mecca. The servents were found ready to do the bidding of the spirit, and Hon. A. Gaston and Mrs. Caroline H. Henderson furnished the sinews of war for this much-needed reform in our sanitary condition. The results of their efforts, or the efforts prompted by their capital, can now be seen in the completed sewers throughout the camp. For many years President Gaston has lent a willing ear to the voices of the unseen loved ones, and never has he faltered in his loyal support of the cause of Spiritualism. Whatever he could do to promulgate the gospel of spirit communion he has most cheerfully done, and whenever the exchequer has needed funds, his has been the hand to supply them. Mrs. C. H. Henderson has been none the less interested, and her means have ever been ready for the advancement of Cassadaga. She has given without stint to further every needed improvement here.

The extension of the water works was next taken up and carried forward as far as the funds at hand permitted, when Mr. Daniel E. Baily came forward with money to put Cassadaga in a state of defense against fire, and to make the sewers available for use. Mr. Bailey has been a generous friend to Spiritualism for many years, and is now just as enthusiastic as ever. Spiritualism is the greatest gift of the century to Mr. Bailey, and he feels that others should receive its comforting ministrations, hence he speaks to the world in his good works.

We have mentioned these several improvements to Cassadaga from the material side during the past year, but the end is not yet, for next year several thousand dollars will be expended in perfecting the water-works, so that an abundant supply of pure water for culinary and drinking purposes will everywhere abound. Lakeview Park will also be improved, and walks laid out through the stately forest at the north end of the grounds. Next in order will be a building for Cassadaga University, that is slowly evolving as the years pass away. But with this will also come the other buildings, to which we have already adverted above. Hon. A. B. Richmond will give his museum of curiosities, as well as his electrical and philosophical apparatus to Cassadaga as soon as there is a place made ready for their reception.

From the spiritual side Cassadaga has also advanced during the past season. A school of psychic science has been in session here during the present year, under the tuition of that marvelous man, W. J. Colville. The attendance has been good for the first year's experiment, and the results are most encouraging to those who inaugurated the movement. Next year will see a greater advance in this same direction, for the number of students will be largely augmented, and much more interest taken in psychic work henceforth. Mr. Colville is a host within himself, and his lectures contain much food for thought. He is perfectly at home on every subject presented and never fails to interest his hearers. His Summer school has added to the lustre of Cassadaga's star of glory, which is destined to grow brighter and still more bright as the years roll away. We may reasonably expect a school of natural history for next season, and steps are already being taken to organize a Rosicrucian Club for the study of occult science, hence we shall not fail to present new attractions each succeeding season to the votaries of Spiritualism who gather at our altar.

Another season will probably see a second hotel on our grounds for the accommodation of such guests as are willing to pay high prices, as well as to take care of those who can not find quarters elsewhere. We shall also have a kindergarten school here next season, under the tuition of competent teachers who are enthusiastic in their line of work. This will be of great advantage to our little friends, as well as to their parents who come to Cassadaga to enjoy a period of rest.

We must not forget to mention another generous friend of our camp. Mrs. Henry A. Everett, of Cleveland, O., who has to day, July 10th, presented our Association with a costly Smith & Wesson organ for the auditorium. Mrs. Everett believes in the power of music and has done much to help our visitors through the flood of melody that shall come from the new organ. We wish scores of others would follow her praiseworthy example.

Thus, Mr. Editor, can we see that Cassadaga's star of promise is still in the ascendant, and we believe it will ever continue to rise, if the present devoted workers will maintain their interest in our cause. We believe in giving honor to whom honor is due, and to all the workers, past and present, do we return our grateful thanks for the service they have rendered humanity at Cassadaga Camp.

*It is earnestly requested that ladies favoring our fair, to be held in connection with the camp-meeting, will contribute something towards its success. Visitors to the camp can immortalize themselves by donating such articles as may be convenient to bring with them. A ROSICRUCIAN.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

Written for the Light of Truth.]

A FEW WORDS ABOUT MIRACLES.

WALTER HOWELL.

In modern thought there is a growing tendency to repudiate the existence of the miraculous. From the vocabulary of the critical historian the word has long since been expunged, in its mediæval sense at least. The philosopher and scientist of our times can not include miracles in their classification and generalization, and yet, in a certain respect, there never was a time when the supernatural was more thoroughly recognized and frankly acknowledged than it is to-day. Cultured men do not imagine they have explained everything when they have classified an object, or defined the likeness and unlikeness of given phenomena to those already classified. There is forever back of all natural phenomena the supernatural. This admission does not suppose that there is no reliable order among phenomena. We may still be sure of immutability in the world of material things.

There is one point against which we should guard, and that is, in declaring certain things impossible because we think their occurrence in opposition to natural law. There is danger of unconsciously presupposing that we know just what is natural law. Owing to our limited knowledge of nature and her laws, it behoves us to be modest in our assertion of what is, and what is not, possible.

On the other hand, it would be extremely unwise to accept as true every ghost story told by ignorant and superstitious people. An over-credulous state of mind is as reprehensible as an unyielding skepticism.

Nothing can occur which is at variance with nature. A phenomena may, for the first time present itself to our notice, and we, unfamiliar with its place in nature, so to speak, might in the excitement of the moment, exclaim "a miracle is here!" But after awhile we discover its relation to other phenomena, the points of likeness and unlikeness are carefully noted, and we assign to it a place in the domain of nature, and it is no longer a miracle.

Mr. Grindson says, "it is a first principle of true philosophy that events, apparently the most unnatural and incompatible, admit, nevertheless, of classification, when taken into some higher synthesis;—that in the long run, everything is referable to law." Mr. Emerson, in his poetic prose, observes, "every ultimate fact is only the first of a new series. Every 'general law' is only a particular fact of some more general law, presently to disclose itself. There is no out-side, no finally enclosing wall. The principle which to-day seems circumferential, to-morrow appears much larger. Our life is an apprenticeship to the truth, that around every circle another can be drawn; that there is no end, but that every end is a new beginning."

Every new generalization includes previously obtained generalizations. However widely Spiritualistic phenomena may appear at variance with recognized laws of nature, there will be ere long, a generalization reached which shall encircle both the natural and extra-natural.

In entering the domain of the occult, however, caution must prevent us from coming to conclusions too hastily. There must not be malobservation. The witnesses must be qualified to make research in the realm of psychics. All causes of inagurate observation should be taken into account, and every means taken to secure exactness of fact. Upon well established data alone can science rest.

Among Christians the Catholic Church, the followers of Irving, and the Mormons, Shakers, and Spiritualists, if the latter may be called Christian, are the only people who believe in the continuance of, "spiritual gifts." In the ranks of Spiritualists are two classes of thinkers, those who regard all spiritual manifestations as evidence of "spiritual gifts" and those who affirm Spiritualism to be capable of a scientific basis. When mediumship is better understood, we may discover the physiological and psychological elements which constitute the mediumistic nature. The day may be far distant, but most assuredly it will dawn, when we shall proclaim law triumphant in the sphere of all phenomena. Just as truly as law reigns on earth, so truly shall we discover anon "natural law in the spiritual world."

Strange, indeed, is the spectacle of the attitude of the orthodox Church, which, while maintaining the validity of ancient miracles, join in derison of modern spiritual and occult occurrences! If the miracles of the Old and New Testament are actualities, then, in the name of all that is reasonable, wherein lies the consistency of the Protestant Church in repudiating the miracles of the nineteenth century? If the laws of nature are immutable, and God unchangeable, then in the light of such postulates, by what system of logic are the same kind of manifestations inadmissible to-day! If I can not believe in spirits becoming objectively visible in the year of our Lord 1893, I will with equal skepticism deny the possibility in the time of Abraham. If my incredulity doubts the phenomenon of independent slate-writing, that same spirit of unbelief shall prompt me to ignore the occurrence of the mysterious appearence of the hand, and its awful message upon the wall of Belchazzer's palace. Consistency, thou art a Jewel! but alas, thou dwellest not in orthodox Churches.

While acknowledging the manifestations of modern Spiritualism, we are not, on the other hand, bound to endorse every legend of antiquity. The occurrences of to-day give probability to records narrating similar apparitions in days of yore. But before we give credence to the marvelous, we should thoroughly investigate the wonder, and convince ourselves of its reality.

After what has been accomplished by German critics in reference to New Testament documents, we should be cautious about maintaining the actuality of the miracles of the New Testament. While many of them are capable of being re-demonstrated in our own day, they lack the requisite elements which would warrant us in accepting them as certainties. The same is, of course, true of those in the Old Testament, we have not the testimony of eye witnesses, men competent to certify to their occult or psychic origin were not present, so far as we know: and when we take into consideration the tendency of the uncritical to unconsciously exaggerate, and that as time goes on, the exaggeration increases rather than diminishes, we must have an immediate and critical view of occult facts, ere we are justified in offering an opinion.

The psychical phenomena of to-day afford us ample opportunity to verify the statements of those who claim to have had occult experiences, and he who refuses to investigate on *a priori* grounds, occupies an unscientific and unphilosophical position. Religionists, of all men, have least room to carp or unkindly criticize.

We can not suppose that anything happens without adequate cause, even the most extraordinary phenomenon is yet under law. The rarity of an occurrence may make accurate observation difficult, but were we to be initiated into mysteries of nature, we should discover that law which embraces all other laws, and behold the one in the many,—the unity which underlies multitudinously complex.

The atom is part of the molecule, the molecule is part of the cell, the cell is part of an organism, say vegetable or animal, this in turn is part of the species, the species is part of the genera, the genera is part of the kingdom, the kingdom is a position of the world, the earth is but one of many planets in our solar system, and our solar system is a small part of the stellar universe' The whole takes in all its parts, and when we shall have learned more of nature, much now called miraculous shall be interpreted as counteracting laws, or the simultaneous operation of two different laws.

A few illustrations here may assist the reader to more clearly perceive this truth. Persons not infrequently pass their hand through a mass of molten metal, and the experimenter is unharmed, although to the unscientific observer there is no reason why the hand shou'd not be burned. Fire does not always burn, or may be prevented from burning. Again, you may chemically prepare your hand, so that fire shall not harm it. In both these cases nature's law is obeyed, not violating. I have seen a person playing with fire, passing guncotton through a flame, and give many other exhibitions of her apparent mastery over this destroying element, without the hands having been chemically prepared. She was professedly under the influence of Persian spirits who rendered her insensible to the fire, and so controlled the element as to prevent explosives from being effected in the ordinary way when exposed to the flame. The freezing of water in a red-hot platinum crucible is a curious example of the operation of two or more laws acting simultaneously. I have seen heavy bodies rise without contact from the floor, seeming to defy the law of gravitation. Here let it be remembered that no violation is done to natural law; all there is in it, is the operation of another, and for the time, predominating law. Medical men relate strange stories about the phenomena they witness at times, through patients under their treatment. Hysterical persons have been known to float in the air without visible cause, and seemed as light as a feather. Mr. Crookes some years ago published a list of Catholic ecstatics, forty in number, whose levitation is regarded by the Church as a mark of peculiar sancitity. I do not suppose the Church just referred to will ever canonize D. D. Home as a saint, although there are living witnesses to his frequent levitation. Mr. H. S. Olcott relates an interesting case of an Asiatic, who had studied the occult sciences in the east, and could by the exercise of conscious will-power levitate himself. He offers this explanation: "It is a simple example of change of corporeal polarity. Oppositely electrified bodies attract, and similarly electrified ones repel each other. We say that we stand upon the earth because of the force of gravitation, without stopping to think how much of the explanation is a mere patter of words that convey no acurate idea to the mind. Suppose we say that we cling to the earth's surface, because the polarity of our body is opposed to the polarity of the spot of earth upon which we stand. That would be scientifically correct. But how, if our polarity is reversed, whether by desease or the mesmeric passes of a powerful magnetizer, or the constant effort of a trained self-will? To classify let one imagine oneself either a hysteric patient an ecstatic, a somnambule, or an adept in Asiatic occult science. In either case, if the polarity of the body should be changed to its opposite polarity, and so our electrical, magnetic, or odic state be made identical with that of the ground beneath us, the long known electropolaric law would assert itself, and our body would rise in the air." It would float as long as these mutual polaric differences continued, and rise to a height exactly proportionate to their intensity.

I have conversed with men who profess to have seen the growth of the mango tree in India. From them I have learned on enquiry that they have never seen this phenomenon produced when the mango tree was not in its fruit-bearing season. Now, this suggested to my mind the probability that the outward fruit-bearing season of the mango tree was necessary as an occult condition in conjunction with the will of the fakir to produce the manifestation. We observe in nature that gestation accomplishes in nine months what mother earth required ages upon ages to effect. Now that in outward nature forms of life to which the embryonic stages correspond exist, the process is gone through thus quickly, because outward conditions render it possible. When therefore the trained will, if such trained wills exist, exercises its protency upon the germ within the seed, and the mango tree is bearing fruit, the rapid growth of the tree by magical means may be within the bounds of possibility. It is simply forcing the seed to evolve its involved possibility in an incredibly short time.

This thought about the correspondence between embryonic development, nature's gestation, and its suggested illustration of what may be accomplished when conditions are favorable with the added reference to the mango fruit season offering suitable external requisites in conjunction with the trained will-power of the fakir, must appear fanciful to my reader, and it is only fair to add, that it is purely speculalive.

One feels less disposition to question the marvel of the mango tree magic, when reputable people in England and other countries tell of wonders wrought in the seance room equally astonishing. A case in point is that which has been published elswhere by Mr. Oxley and Hon. Axakof. These gentlemen were present at a seance held in New Castle on Tyne, at which Mrs. Esperance was the medium. They testify to having seen a tropical plant grown within a few minutes, in a vase contraining mould. My memory does not serve me to recall whether these gentlemen regarded it as being evolved from a seed or not. The plant was in full bloom when Mr. Oxley bore it away with him to Manchester where it eventually died for want of climatic conditions. I have seen the plant, and still possess a picture of it. Mr. Oxley has the withered plant preserved and it may be seen in his sanctum. It is proper to inform the reader, that this spontaneous growth was effected by a materialized spirit, giving her name as Eulanda, an Arabian. This experiment, if we trust the witnesses, and I do, shows that in the west we have possession of powers equal to those of eastern adepts.

I can not imagine the growing of a plant without a seed. One can conceive of the seed being forced to unfold its life rapidly. The seed being present, the earth supplied, the atmosphere all around, affords quite a number of the required conditions. It is simply a matter of demonstration, whether under such circumstances a tree can be grown instantaeously.

I will take one more phase, prophesy. Granting that an inner vision really exists, admitting that the spiritual world, in relation to this, is a cause world; and that the seer beholding the realities of the cause world, one readily concludes that such a one may see coming events before their ultimation. It is like standing upon the summit of some high mountain, and long before the shades of night have passed from the valley, he sees the dawn of the coming morn. To the inhabitants of the valley, who had never climbed the mountain side, had never dreamed of altitude making any difference, to such a one, the announcement of approaching day long before its light could chase away the darkness where he lived, would be a mystery—a prophesy. There have been exalted souls who have stood upon the mountain tops of moral and spiritual excellence, and these being able to utter to the men in the valleys of sensuality and sin, of ignorance and self-love; the word of warning, of denunciation, of hope, and herald the coming of a better day. Is it any wonder that these men were revered and called prophets? There is, to my mind, nothing unnatural in prophesy. In fact, all so-called miracles are natural if we extend the horizon of nature in our thought far enough.

Jesus is said to have healed the sick. Did he do something unnatural? Which is most natural, health or disease? The latter may be most common, but the former is most natural! There are healers to-day, who, if they had lived a few centuries ago, or were even now dignitaries in the Catholic Church, would be regarded as workers of the miraculous. Hundreds of people were healed instantaneously by Dr. Newton in this country some few years ago.

Even the supposed dead have been restored. There are many cases in which an examination of the body could discover no signs of life, but a more interior vision might have discerned that life was not as yet extinct. The magnetizer's art has been employed, and lo, miracle of miracles! The dead is alive again!

We said earlier in this chapter, that the required evidence of the truth of New Testament miracles was wanting. Let me here add a word. It is not the spirit of incredulity which prompted that remark, for after what I have witnessed, my faith in old and New Testament wonders is strengthened. But seeing that the record of these miracles was left to persons who were not eye witnesses, but merely the scribes of a traditionary account of them, we should be careful not to judge too hastily in their favor.

The ethics of Jesus are not invalidated in the least, even if he wrought no miracles. The working of wonders does not prove or disprove the theology entertained by any sect. The truths of religion and ethics stand upon their own merit.

A mysterious force is a matter for scientific enquiry. It may lead the investigator to the discovery of some new potency in nature. When intelligence is united with energy, it is the province of science to determine the nature of both force and intelligence. If the force be occult acknowledge it. If the intelligence be that of departed humanity declare it. If man is proven to exist after the change called death, our faith in immortality is greatly strengthened. While the main tenets of religion remain where they were in the domain of faith, the existence of God, the eternity of the soul and the like, are still matters of belief, for the infinite can not be demonstrated to or comprehended by the finite. And an eternity of existence can not be objectively proven in time. Our intuition may speak eloquently of God and eternal life, but sense perception yields only time data.

The manifestations of what we have been accustomed to call miracle, should remind us that the present limitation of our knowledge does not circumscribe nature. There is no limit to our progress, save that which our finiteness involves, and that only prevents men and angels from becoming God and losing their identity.

We would not be understood as disregarding the claims of other departments in nature. To the man of science, more than, perhaps, to any other, all is miraculous. How wonderful is the unfolding of the leaf in the Spring time, and what a miracle is the putting forth of the blossom. Who can explain the rounding of a world or a dewdrop? Gravitation, says one. But what is gravitation? Do not our astronomers foretell the transit of Venus, the eclipse of the sun or moon? Here is prophesy for us. If we enter with the chemist his laboratory he will prove to us that the magician still lives. What miracles he works before our eyes. Read the accounts of surgical operations and then say there are no adepts if you will! The writer was born blind and during early childhood was operated upon several times with the result that he gained sufficient sight to enable him in after years to travel alone. This would have been called a miracle in any other age but the matter-of-fact nineteenth century.

When our savants shall give attention to occult and spiritual phenomena as well as those of astronomy, electricity, biology, sociology, and the like, though they may not be able to predict results with that exactitude which belongs to the realm of physics, the problem of our being will be much nearer a solution than at present.

A SPIRITUAL DREAM.

[To the Editor of the Light of Truth.]

Having had a rather queer experience in the way of a vision, or trip to the spirit world, I feel myself called upon to send it to your paper. Sometime ago I had what a skeptic would call a very queer dream, but I simply called it a beautiful trip to spirit land. I have always been a Spiritualist; was brought up a medium and healer of the sick also, therefore it did not seem so strange to me as it would to others that do not understand the so-called strange phenomenon. One night just before this experience I am about to relate I was lifted from my bed bodily and carried to the other side of the room, and there dropped to the floor; or rather upon the bed clothing, as they had been thrown there ahead of me, to prevent injury, I suppose. I got up a bewildered man for a moment, but I soon saw through it all, for I heard a chuckling laugh of one of my spirit band behind me. Then I knew it had been done to show me the strength and power of the unseen. Shortly after this I had another experience, in the way of a trip to the unseen land. This night I had returned to my bed-room in this city, Los Angelos, Cal., and it was about eight o'clock, an unusually early hour for me to retire, but I felt strange and uncommonly sleepy. I was lying there in a doze or stupor. Presently two spirits came to my bedside; one was a young lady whom I knew while she was in earth life some seven years ago; the other an Indian guide who is very lively and comical. The lady spirit, who is very beautiful, came up to me, took my hand, and asked: "Would you like to see our home in the spirit world?" Not waiting for an answer they took me with them, or at least I suppose they did, for the next thing I remember I was sailing through space, though I soon found that I was not free, but was attached to something like a cord about six feet long, and one end was connected with my head, while the other end was held by the lady guide. The Indian spirit brought up the rear.

I seemed to be taken into a garden of flowers, and on glancing around I saw several houses made of a substance that looked like marble. Everything looked grand. Flowering vines arched over each doorway and window. People of both sexes swarmed around me, and friends that knew me before they passed over came up and greeted me. But my two guides would not permit any of them to touch me with their hands; I know not why. As I was being led through an archway of flowers by my lady friend and guide, who still kept her string on me, we came upon a lady quartette who seemed to be enjoying themselves immensely. But as we came up to where they were they all sprang up and threw boquets of flowers at us, an act which startled me not a little, and brought forth great laughter from the friends around me, more especially the Indian guide, who seemed to regard the matter as a great joke.

Then we passed on to another place where some children were playing some kind of a game. There were rows of stakes, and they were rolling something between them. Then we proceeded up the street. On both sides of us were beautiful marble residences. Finally, after going up a long drive my lady guide led me up the marble steps of a beautiful mansion and into a room that was the loveliest I had ever been in. She said: "This is my home and will be yours when you pass to spirit life." I looked around in wonder and surprise, and inwardly wondered, just for a moment, if there was going to be a boom in earthly property that would enable me to purchase such a fine palace as that was, but my query was cut short by the entrance of several other spirits, one of whom proceeded to make a speech, saying it was good deeds not wealth that purchased such palaces as that, a fact which proved that each spirit knew the others' thoughts. We passed out of there, and sailed over beautiful fields and valleys, mountains and streams, which looked just as natural to me as the earth plane, and a hundred times more beautiful. Suddenly my guides stopped, and the lady said: "We will take you back now to your earthly duties; you will not pass over here yet—not for some time." We seemed to be going through space again, and the next thing I remember, is waking with the bright California sunshine streaming into my room. Though things were not near so lovely here, they looked better to me than they ever had before, for I was a changed person. Not in belief, for I always was a Spiritualist, but I saw things in a better light—something akin to the light of truth. Yours, EDWARD E. HORTON.

Written for the Light of Truth.]

THE PHANTOM RIDERS.

CONNA MAY MORRIS.*

It was at the close of a fair September afternoon, and the bright varied shades of deep colorings, so common to a western sun-set, still lingered above the horizon, marking the spot where the "King of Day" had sought his nightly repose.

There was scarcely a breath of air stirring; and an unusual quiet had settled down over that sparsely populated plain, even the village some five miles distant, but which was plainly outlined against the western sky, appeared to be sleeping, although it was still early in the evening, for the sun had just set, but there was a general lazyness in the very atmosphere, which seemed to lull all nature into drowsiness, and smooth out, for the time being, all the ruffled, turbulent places in the lives of mankind, putting him at peace with himself and God.

Upon a knoll or mound out upon a grassy plain were three men (cowboys) in a group, and lying stretched at full length on the dying, faded grass, while near by were their three ponies grazing, while their lariats trailed aimlessly along the ground as the creatures occasionally moved with restive steps while searching for the sweetest and rarest roots and grasses.

At length one of the group on the knoll slowly removed from his mouth the briar-root pipe, which his indolence had allowed to die out; and half raising himself he rested upon his elbow and looked out across the broad prarie in the direction of the east. For a moment he gazed with half closed eyes at a moving object in the distance without apparant interest. Then slightly arousing from his stupor he gave a low whistle, and then exclaimed: "Who can that be, a riden' like the wind, and comin' this way. And by the holy saints, they are ridin' the whitest ho'sses I ever seed."

His companions now turned their faces toward the direction indicated as he pointed out the object of his remarks with no small amount of interest.

"Danged if I know, Bill," came in response from one of the others. "But one of 'em's a woman, fur I see her petticoats a floppin'—and they is comin' like chain lightnin' too."

At this juncture the hoof-beats of the two swiftly gaited steeds could be plainly heard as they came sweeping on toward the mound. The three men had now arisen and stood surveying the approach of the riders, while the ponies, which had been feeding quietly up to this moment, now raised their heads and neighed a welcome to the strangers.

"They are roundin' up purty fast, Jack," observed one of the men, "and a feller might 'low that there was red-skins in the rear."

"No red's in this community, Bill. But I will just bet a yaller rose of Texas, sumthin's to pay. See, there is a white vail floatin' out behind that gal, and she has got on white gloves, and so has the chap."

"It's a run away weddin' then, and the boss is roundin' 'em up maybe."

The riders had now approached within a short distance of the apeakers, and their faces could be plainly seen. They were coming over the brow of a high stretch of table-land, and the face of the lady looked pale in the fading evening light, while that of her companion bore a set, determined air.

Suddenly, the entire scene changed. And then arose as from the ground a half score of dusky, weird figures, made hideous and formidable by paint and feathers. They confronted the riders of the milk white steeds and grasped the reins with firm, strong hands. For a moment the handsome animals reared and plunged madly about, then the two who had ridden so gallantly were ruthlessly dragged, from their horses to the ground amid desperate but fruitless struggles. The next instant two gleaming, sharp-bladed knives flashed as they descended upon their victims, and then all was over.

The conflict had been a noiseless one, and most brief. And those who had watched the silent struggle seemed rooted to the spot where they stood, unmindful of either fleeing to escape or going to aid the victims who had fallen. But now came the strangest part of all. No sooner had the battle ended, when the scene vanished as in a mist. The white horses, the fair young couple, and their hideous enemy disappeared as mysteriously as the painted warriors had come. Nor had they left an inkling or a trace in their wake by which to explain away the strangeness of the scene.

—*Concerning this narrative the author writes: "A strange, weird story, but told me by reliable witnesses as the truth."

Tools of the Pyramid-Builders.

A two years' study at Gizeh has convinced Mr. Flinders Petrie that the Egyptian stone-workers of 4 000 years ago had a surprising acquaintance with what had been considered modern tools. Among the many tools used by the pyramid-builders were both solid and tubular drills and straight and circular saws. The drills, like those of to-day, were set with jewels (probably corundum, as the diamond was very scarce), and even lathe tools had such cutting edges. So remarkable was the quality of the tubular drills and the skill of the workmen, that the cutting marks in hard granite give no indication of wear of the tool, while a cut of a tenth of an inch was made in the hardest rock at each revolution, and a hole through both the hardest and softest material was bored perfectly smooth and uniform throughout. Of the material and method of making the tools nothing is known.

The slavery of women in New England factories is daily becoming augmented in point of numbers, and men are gradually being displaced by women. The recent census in Massachusetts shows that in a number of the important manufacturing towns of the State women operatives are far in excess of men. The estimate placed upon women's powers by the protelariat of New England can have no better illustration than the observation of farmer Manchester, whose daughter Berth was recently murdered. He said she was a good girl, and he did not see how he was going to get along without her. She took care of the house, chopped wood, milked cows, made butter, and worked in the garden. Yes, Bertha was a good girl. Possibly she is where she can rest with the millions of other drudges who are driven into the other world by the barbarism of man.

A curious box was recently found amid the ruins of Pompeii. The box was marble or alabaster, about two inches square, and closely sealed. When opened it was found to be full of pomatum or grease, hard but very fragrant. The smell somewhat resembled that of roses, but was much more fragrant. What the perfume was made of can not be conjectured now, but it is singular that men in the nineteenth century should be able to regale their noses with perfumes prepared in the first.

Spirit Message Department

OUR FREE CIRCLE.

Every Tuesday Afternoon,

At Douglass Hall, corner Walnut and Sixth Streets. Doors open at 2; seance begins at 2 30. No one admitted after services have begun.

Questions to be answered from the rostrum will be received upon these conditions: 1. They must be germane to Spiritualism. 2. Must contain one enquiry only. 3. All personalities must be avoided. 4. The name of the questioner must be attached.

Mrs. A. E. Kibby, Medium   Mrs. J. Clegg Wright, Chairman.

☞In justice to both the spirits and medium we would be pleased to have our friends verify such messages as they may happen to recognize in these columns.

☞All communications concerning this department and questions from abroad must be addressed to
C. C. Stowell,
Room 7, 206 Race Street, Cincinnati, O.

REPORT OF SEANCE.

Tuesday Afternoon, July 11, 1893.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Ques.—[J. F., Scranton, Pa.] *Is not the practice of mediumship depleting to the nervous system, thereby unfitting the subject for the more active labors of life; and is there any compensation for the sacrifices involved?*

Ans.—The development or practice of mediumship is no more depleting to the nervous system than the culture and use of any other gift or talent, provided it is not misused or used to excess. Genius for music, painting, or improvising, if used to excess, would devitalize the most powerful nervous system. Mediumship is a natural talent or gift, which requires the same tender care, and a little more, considering the finer quality of nerve fluid that has to be generated in the exercise. Of course, if one's whole life is devoted to its practice, as is the case with professional mediums, much else can not be expected from them. But the moderate exercise can no more effect one than indulging in musical exercises at home in the evening after business hours, provided the body is allowed to have its necessary eight or nine hours' sleep after the same. But where there are signs of weariness, languor, nervousness, melancholy, despondency, or discontent following its exercise, it shows that sensual or selfish spirits have been taking active part and absorbing the medium's vitality. Either one or more members of the circle are that way inclined, or the medium needs reforming in some given direction. Any active passion, like envy, jealousy, hatred for a person or cause, just as intemperance, whether for eating or drinking, attract obsessing spirits which draw on a medium during the exercise of his or her gift, when it may be said that mediumship is injurious. It is well to give it up under the circumstances until spiritually healthier, or study self in conjunction with the development and rectify one's character in the process. There is compensation, but it is spiritual. If an ardent student of self you are taught the art of preserving your health and that of your family. If you are a close observer of facts and influences in connection with your mediumship you learn how to avoid errors, and finally dangers. If you do not misuse your increasing powers for selfish or deceptive purposes you become the recipient of truth unattainable in books, because they do not always contain what you particularly need to gratify your soul-longing—your individual tastes or desires. It is this which makes you happy and contented with earth life. For here is your opportunity of making a bright future. What you have attained in that respect here you are *sure* of taking with you. What have you not attained can only be *hoped* for.

Ques.—[Inquirer.] *What are the dangers of Roman Catholicism in this country?*

Ans.—Though not strictly a universal question, but a local one, it might be answered to apply elsewhere as well. The dangers of Roman Catholicism in this country, or rather the dangers threatening are manifold—provided their designs—the underlying principles of that sect could be carried out to the fullest measure. But the same dangers may be said to threaten all countries alike. Their designs upon America is nothing more than a hope which will be blasted as it has been in other enlightened countries, as soon as they begin to encroach upon the spirit of your constitution. The present attitude towards that sect by patriotic Americans is the natural counter-influence arising from the living spirit which is born and bred in your constitution, and finding its way to the surface through such minds as can be reached, and which counter-influence increases in activity or energy in comparison to the danger threatening or the power exerted by Popery to undermine it. The stronger the current from the latter the stronger will become the opposing current. Not by virtue of any watchful eye, but by virtue of law. An opposing influence could not generate without being aroused by danger, and the sooner Popery exhausts itself the better. Its influence is limited, which, after the limit is reached, a re-action begins, followed by temporary imbecility, just as over-exertion in a mortal is followed by illness after combating against an irresistible force or unconquerable agent. By the time that Romanism has used up all its life-force to conquer America, the latter will have hardly begun to get real mad, so to say. It could resist ten times its power, and still measure swords on an equal footing. But this allows no license for those who have caught up with the idea to retreat. Every mental frown upon the approaching enemy aids the cause in breaking the backbone of ecclesiastical design upon mortal freedom, let it come whence it will. Every thought directed against the encroachment upon a country's liberties adds to the general fund of psychic influence in opposition to this encroachment. Every truth told concerning an enemy's deceit upon its own people weakens it in its own ranks. Every truth told concerning an enemy's plans necessitates new ones to be made, which not only consumes time, but exhausts mental force to form new ones. Be on the alert, therefore, and keep posted; let not your eagerness be offensive and run away with your judgment; act with due precaution and let truth be your guide, for an untruth concerning your foe sent forth re-acts against you every time in favor of the opposition. With these principles on your side victory will come sooner than you look for it.

Ques.—[W., Boston.] *Why are the majority of mediums women to day, and not so in the days of early Christianity and Judaism?*

Ans.—From the simple reason that women are best adapted for mediumship, but were prohibited from speaking in the earlier ages, and the spirit world prevented their mediumistic development in consequence—confining it almost entirely to men. Your history points to the fatal results of a mediumistic outburst among women two hundred years ago. The war on witches, so-called, was a superstitious relic of the old Judean law—an effect still lingering in the human breast, and as rankling in the female as in the male entity. Women did as much, if not more, to bring about these results, as men did. Their work was in the secrecy of the chamber, and is still manifest in the female heart in the form of a subtle little weakness known as jealousy. All women of an intuitive or a sensitive nature are mediumistic, and this constitutes a large percentage. It was as much so in the past as in the present. But jealousy or envy weakens the interior spirit, and makes woman a subject—a slave—to man's superior psychological influence, and the majority accept the law laid down against their own sex. Woman's emancipation will depend on herself. When she emancipates herself from this spirit of envy towards her own sex, she will be able to psychologize the male sex into accepting this law—her demands and wishes. It is not so bad to-day. But comparatively few men evolve the idea individually of crushing out mediums, and those few are not true men. They are what the world would term "old women," and are incited by other men who got the cue from their wives or daughters, whose own sensitiveness, or dormant mediumship, arouses their jealousy towards their own kind, who, they imagine, are getting too much notoriety or attention from the world or from men, because of their spiritual gifts—their mediumship. It is in the nature of sensitive women to be jealous of one another, as much as it is in the nature of sensitive men to be a subject of temptation to the many sensual habits of their kind. But as well as men have to struggle and bear up against these temptations to overcome them, and thereby become spiritualized and strong and noble-minded, women must combat the spirit of jealousy that is a constant menace to them, and through this mental battle rise above it, and thus lay the foundation for their own emancipation. When that is effectuated all mediums will be women, while the male element will have other work to do for the world's reformation and organization into a universal brotherhood, of which the sisterhood will be the soul—the law that fetters it with love.

Ques.—[By T. J. G.] *What is the best method of treating insanity and paralysis?*

Ans.—My dear friends, as there are so many forms of what you term insanity, it will be difficult for me to tell you what would be the best method of cure. Sometimes those you think the most insane are more rational than those who are trying to cure them. Insanity is sometimes caused by disease, sometimes by over-mental taxation. The best thing, primarily, to do when one has become insane on any subject is to place that one in some condition where he will have naught to aggravate him, and try as best he can to carry the mind away from that which has seemingly dethroned reason; or let him be placed where it is peaceful. Why is it that sometimes men seem to lose themselves entirely, and other influences take possession of them and carry them away in the distance, as it were, from themselves—influences which cling so close around them and seem to bring unto them all that was harmful? Now, friends, there is insanity, and there is obsession. Sometimes we find men so completely obsessed, not only by spirits that have been freed from the body, but by influences which surround them that they have entirely lost control of their own personality, and have passed into conditions not at all belonging to them. This you call insanity. The only cure for this form is to place those afflicted in an insane asylum where they will be kindly treated. Not, however, by locking them up in rooms, but rather by taking them, guarded, into the open air and exercising them, carrying their minds away from the object which seems to trouble them, and bring them back to their normal state. There is a question arising in this audience, "How can you say that an insane person is obsessed?" Their insanity is caused by the influences that have surrounded them, and they have not been able and have not had the strength to overcome them, and their reason has been dethroned for the time being. All such must be taken away. They must be placed where they have new scenes, new conditions entirely, and bring them back through kindness, and not by force.

Ques.—[By O. G. R., Eudora, Kan.] *Why is it that some spirit controls leave their medium and do not return?*

Ans.—I do not know that I can explain this satisfactorily, but there may be many reasons why a control would desire to give up his instrument. I am sure if my medium did not try to do what I desired her to do I should leave her and seek another; or after certain length of time a control may find the instrument not suited for the work that he or she purposed doing, and so seek another. Thus if you are developing for mediumship you feel that one spirit or many are desirous to control you and you find them agreeable, if you find they are intelligent, if you find that they can and will be of benefit to you and humanity generally, I would say give up with a free will to their influence, and there will be no danger. There are times when controls withdraw from their instruments for a short period, sending some other spirit to take their places, as we need to learn more and more every day, but we never leave sensitives entirely unguarded. I, myself, at times, absent myself from my instrument—sometimes for longer periods than others, but never permit my instrument to stand alone, because she is susceptible to all the influences with which she comes in contact, and it would be very detrimental indeed if while in my absence some spirit should gain possession of her that I would feel could not do the work that I desired. So I leave with my instrument those spirits who can guard and control her while I am absent, not only controlling, but protecting her, for there are many spirits which neither you nor I would desire to have control us. Some are undeveloped, and do not know the higher laws, thus they could not teach you the higher truths. Not one of you desires a control that can not teach you something, and so, friends, if you feel that your control has absented himself for a while it is for a good reason, though it would not be more than right your control explain his reason, if he can make you understand him.

SPIRIT MESSAGES.

E. V. Wilson.

Friends, I am glad to be with you this afternoon. It does me good in spirit to again stand before the public, although I must use a woman for my mouthpiece. Yet I know that I will be welcome here. I want to say that my spirit grows brighter and brighter every day, and that the joy that comes to me is unspeakable. Oh, how grand and beautiful the sight as I look down upon the earth plane and see the great multitude who have gained this knowledge; who to-day can stand up and say, "I know I shall live forever." When I stood before you in this place you could gather them together by the handful, but to-day, in this city, you have a multitude who know the truth, and while I work for the spirit world I would have you know that E. V. Wilson will never lose interest in the progression of Spiritualism upon the earth plane. I would also have my loved ones, who are in Chicago, to know that I was here.

Christopher Columbus.

It almost took your medium's breath away when I announced my name, followed by an incredulous smile. But upon re-assurance that it was no other, my presence was admitted. Why should I not be able to communicate as well as other spirits—especially now that my name is in every mouth, forcing me to this part of the world, *nolens volens.* I surely have been in the spirit world long enough to know how to control a medium; and have learned enough *not* to be a bigot, despite my prospective sainthood. I knew more intuitively when navigating the ocean in search of other continents than I dared admit. But I did not understand its purport as I now do. I was a medium, and am still one; thus find it no trouble to step into one and deliver a message to my American friends—especially those of my fraternity. Catholicism claims me. I have no objections. They may have what is left of Christopher Columbus on your mundane sphere, or what he was at one time. But the arisen one is too free and independent—a navigator of the heavenly spheres—to be captivated by any worldly honors, saintships, or hosts of claimants, either in the mortal or spiritual world. I am not indebted to any power whatever for favors received, thus not hampered by any enslaving influences. If anything the world once owed me an inheritance, which I never obtained. Ingratitude was my reward. But that is past. I have almost forgotten the circumstances connected with it. It may have accounted for my absolute freedom when I passed into the spirit world. I felt free, independent, and happy enough to undertake another expedition of discovery. I did soon after, but it was a spiritual one. My navigatory inclinations proved to be a talent for practical uses in spirit. I continued in the same avocation, and found it fraught with less dangers. The spirit world has geographical boundaries as well as yours. It has islands and continents in space that need finding as well as those on a material plane. We have found some inhabited by spirits who knew not of their past earth history, nor how they came there. Knew not how to get away from there, nor that others existed. Were in as much ignorance, spiritually considered, as the Indians of North America in the days of its first discovery, materially considered. But I have had other work to do besides navigating. I am interested in earth's affairs, and have been since the intercourse between mortals and spirits has become so general. I felt a sympathetic accord with my fellow-mediums, and have aided where they least suspected. But I will close. This is only an introductory. I will be heard from again since the ice has been broken, and shall, on the first opportunity, deliver a lecture through one of your rostrum speakers. Good-by.

Willie Ireland

Sends his love to his Darda. Say it is Willie Ireland with papa Lou. Also tell grandma all will be well. Tell Cliff to be a good boy. I am from Cincinnati.

Kate Fisher.

There stands before me a lady rather slender, her eyes, to me, look dark, and her hair a dark brown. She says: "I also desire to send a love message. I desire that my children know that their mother lives. I desire that my husband, Horace, know that I am often with them. I want my sister Maria to know that I come to-day to grant a wish that I heard her make only a few days ago. Tell her, Kate and Sallie are both here this afternoon, and in this way I desire to send love to all who are near and dear to me. My name is Kate Fisher, of this city.

Andrew Hubbell.

I am now in a distant place again in spirit for a moment, and return again with an elderly man, who calls himself Andrew Hubbell. He says: "How changed I am. How little I knew when I sojourned upon the earth plane, and I rejoice to know that it is possible for spirits to communicate with those they love, and I desire to send my love to my wife and three children." I desire you to go with me, he says, to a place called Paola, Kan. He wants them to know that he was here this afternoon. He wants them to know that he is trying all that he possibly can to prove to them the truth of spirit-communion, for he says his wife and daughter have begun to investigate recently, and I know that in a short time I will be enabled to give them some communication which will be perfectly satisfactory to them.

Peter R. Holden.

I belong to a great city away out on the coast. I belong to that great city which represents every nation, the city of New York. Oh, how strange it is that men sitting in high places would try to put the muzzle upon the lips of any living man or woman. I, a spirit free, come this afternoon to say let all the powers combine, they can not close the way, for beautiful is the path which shines between earth and heaven and grand the spirits that come each day to help weary mortals on their way; they give them rest from the great care, the burdens that are so hard to bear, that lift man up and out of earth and tells him he is a child of heavenly birth, that teaches man that there is no death. Let every churchman have his own way, let him look up by faith over the way, but to you children who have learned the truth, you know that from none of you can be taken this grand truth of spirit communion which has come to you, and although they try to close the lips and although they try to stop the spirit world from holding communion. It never can be; to the man who would seal your lips will come a proof of the power of the spirit, if we have to take them one by one. So fear, not little hand, but stand firm and know that those who are for you are nearer and mightier than those who are against you. I was a lawyer.

Dr. Williams.

I would like to say a few words to my medium, Ollie Barnes, in Muncie, Ind. I hope she will not be discouraged, as her mediumship is developing. Of course, family cares keep her back some, but with regular sitting and faith in her guides, she will yet come out all right. Father Barnes brings love to the family. Sister Laura, Ralph, and Leaping Deer are with us, and all join in sending love to the dear friends and medium.

Squaw Lou.

Hello! me come to absent ear. Squaw Lou is here, big chief Grand Buck, Jonnie all right. E. V. and Red Wing make big talk. Me talk more nother time. To Bob Brown: White Bear, him come to Father Tim and Mother Mary; will soon come and make a big talk through the paper.

James Cobb.

I desire to send a communication to my Brother Eben. We are all very much pleased with the Star of Endor. We send our love to Jennie; we know how much trouble she has with her head. Be very careful of your health, and, Eben, dear brother, we are waiting on the eternal shore where we will soon greet you. Life is simply the progressive development for eternal realms. Thy life-principles are slowly ebbing towards the summerland. Jennie, dear soul, how we all love thee. What a love-greeting you will receive when you come to us.

Yes, I am nearer thee,
For flesh and sense
Have been exchanged for an eternal youth;
My spirit hath been born anew,
And hence, I worship thee, in spirit and truth.

From James Cobb to Eben Cobb, Hyde Park, Mass.

VERIFICATIONS.

[To the Editor of the Light of Truth.]

In spirit message department of the Light of Truth, June 24, 1893, I am pleased to acknowledge the message from my wife, Sarah M. Johnson, who passed to spirit life from Haverhill, Mass., July, 1876. Many thanks to the medium and the circle for the same. I think you have a grand message department.
Wm. Johnson.

Cleveland, O., Station C., Box 27, July 9, 1893.

[To the Editor of the Light of Truth.]

In the Light of Truth of July 8th is a communication purporting to come from Mrs. Polly Gregory, of Lockport, N. Y. That was the name of my wife, and I have no doubt of its being genuine. She has communicated with me before. I am very thankful for the message.
Edgar Gregory.

Lockport, N. Y., July 9, 1893.

Written for the Light of Truth.]

The Real Life.

ELLEN B. LAWRENCE.

Under the snow in the church-yard sleeping
Lay my baby, my only child;
I was so sad and so full of grieving,
Calling her back in accents wild.

When one night in my silent chamber
Through the pale moonlight I seemed to see
Her little form and face, all eager,
Raising her eyes and her hands to me.

"Darling," I cried, "have you come to mother?
Have you come back when I thought you dead?
Was it only a dream? Are you really living?
Only a dream of the church-yard bed?"

"Mamma," my little one softly whispered,
"You must not sorrow, I come to give
You proof I am happy and still am living.
In this life only do we really live.

"In this bright land you soon will join me,
Sorrow and trouble will depart for aye.
Think then, my mother, of the bright to-morrow,
Be glad and happy in the present day."

Written for the Light of Truth.]

REV. J. H. HARTER.

WM JORDAN.

I wish to say a few words concerning this spirit and his recent communication through the type-writer, Mrs. Bangs, medium, as published in Light of Truth of June 17th.

Some ten or more years ago I met Brother Harter at a spiritual camp-meeting where we were booked as speakers, and both were consigned to stay with a family of Spiritualists during the meeting which lasted a full week or more. We had never met before, but soon became fast friends. He told me about his labors as a Universalist preacher; also of his switching off the old track and formulating a church of his own, calling it the "Divine Fragments." We slept in the same bed, dined at the same festive board, walked to and from the grounds together, and were confidentially communicative.

At the time I took Mr. Harter to be a full-fledged Spiritualist. That was the first and last time we ever met, but it was an agreeable meeting throughout, and we parted with best wishes for each other. How cheering to me was the reading of his able communication, as given to his brother who delivered his funeral sermon, and what tangible evidence of man's more blissful future home when our efforts here have been to learn the truth and practice the right.

One remark in his message would lead one to believe he was not fully a Spiritualist. If not, he is free and glad to confess all now. No theory or belief could inspire him to labor for the good of the Divine Fragments than does a true understanding of the spiritual philosophy. We are all fragments of the infinite whole, for there is room and work for all who can and will work. Let the good work go on until the last cold wave of bigotry, superstition, and cruelty is swept from the earth.

[Written for the Light of Truth.]

A VISION.

NICK BECKER.

On a recent night, after retiring, my thoughts reverted to women's rights, and as I lay thinking what slaves women are, there came into my clairvoyant vision this scene:

A woman standing against a pear tree, fastened to it by a chain around her body. The tree was hanging full of delicious pears, and one limb almost touched her face, hanging full of nice yellow pears. But she could not reach them, for her arms were also tied with chains to the tree. Immediately in front of the woman stood a group of men conversing and eating of the pears, and they did not seem to take any notice of the woman whatever, who entreated them to loosen her and give her some of the fruit. Presently along came some dirty negroes, Chinamen, Italians, and Indians. They all shook hands with the white brethren; entered into conversation with them, and helped themselves to the fruit. This seemed to make the woman wild, and she tugged and tore at the chains, but it was no use, she could not get loose. I heard her say these words: "I must and shall have some of that fruit!" And above her head appeared the figures 1904.

I will leave the interpretation of this vision to the reader of these pages.

THOUGHTS ON DISSOLUTION.

On this subject the San Jose *Weekly Report* comments as follows, which we reproduce for its originality:

"We are often confronted with the query: If a man die, shall he live? We are unable to answer this question, but we are satisfied if a man lives long enough he shall die. The trouble lies in people pretending to know all about something of which they have no experience. Those who have had experience rarely afford information on the subject. There is something about a dead man—and even a dead woman—that is so quiet.

"What we dislike about dead people more than anything else, is their utter indifference; there is something so negative about a gentleman who has slipped his cable; he doesn't appear to care whether school keeps or no. A funeral procession appears to us merely a charge led by a dead man on a cemetery. We are opposed to funerals, our own in particular. Spiritualists say a dead man isn't dead; other folks say he looks so to them; the party mostly interested is on the fence.

"Sleep, the poet calls the twin brother of death. We can't believe this, because if it were so, every time a fellow took a nap he would have to sprinkle himself with carbolic acid. Why can't poets tell the truth?

A Haunted Palace.

A strange story comes from Denmark. Several months ago the Prince Royal and the Princess were in the palace at Copenhagen. The Princess was writing in the drawing-room, which was brilliantly illuminated, when suddenly a phantom glided quickly in and looked at her with a fixed stare. The Princess rose and courageously rushed at the ghost, which at once disappeared, and she returned to her writing. Prince Christian, the son of the royal couple, went into a dark room in search of some object and came back pale and trembling, saying that the room was filled with men who would not let him enter.

Just before they left the Danish Royal Family was playing whist with Prince Gustavus of Sweden, when the latter turned deathly pale and said that an unknown person who had been standing close to him had suddenly vanished into thin air.

This seems all very nonsensical, but the Danish Royal Family firmly believe in ghosts, and the Princess of Wales herself read with intense interest the letters from Copenhagen written by her relations giving these weird details, and is extremely displeased if anyone hints a doubt.—*Dalziel's Agency.*

Has Satolli "declared his intention" to become an American citizen? If not, what right has he to interfere with the management of the American public school system.—*Loyal American.*

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We request patrons to notify us promptly in case they discover in our columns advertisements of parties whom they have proved to be dishonorable or unworthy of action.

When the postoffice address of The Light of Truth subscribers is to be changed, our patrons should give us two weeks' previous notice, and not omit to state their present as well as future address.

Notice of Spiritualists Meetings, in order to insure prompt insertion, must reach this office on Tuesday of each week, as The Light of Truth goes to press every Wednesday.

Rejected Mss will not be returned without postage accompanying the same—nor preserved beyond thirty days after receipt.

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"He's true to God who's true to man; wherever wrong is done,
To the humblest and the weakest, 'neath the all-beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us; and they are slaves most base
Whose love of right is for themselves, and not for all theirrace."
James Russell Lowell.

DON QUIXOTE IN ST. LOUIS.

A desciple of Æsculapius, whom the gods preserve from a knowledge of the ignorance of his followers, uses up over three columns of the St. Louis *Globe Democrat* of the 11th ult. to tell what he doesn't know about Spiritualism. Like others of a class who rush in where angels fear to tread he imagines that the increasing interest with which Spiritualism is regarded calls for "some one to attempt to stem the tide of the absurdities surging about us and correct the unscientific statements which are promulgated, and which when submitted to the crucible of critical analysis will vanish like mist in the rays of a strong sunlight."

If the inhabitants of American graveyards could speak to this man who signs himself J. K. Bandny, M. D., he would be told that the letters at the end of his name were no honor to him, and that the best work for him to do would be an "attempt to stem the tide of absurdities" in the medical profession and let Spiritualism alone.

He opens his argument by criticizing an article in the *Globe Democrat* of April 30th, reference in which is made to the Fox sisters and the general hostility exercised by the St. Louis Church leaders to Spiritualism in the early days. This critic says: "In this regard we need not feel astonished in view of the demoralizing tendencies of spiritualistic doctrines exercised upon its misguided but generally innocent vitims."

It is a well-known fact that the "demoralizing tendencies of Spiritualism" at least serve to keep its "misguided victims" out of the penitentiaries, poor-houses, and insane asylums. These "victims" are not found amongst the seducers, hypocrites, defaulters, medical censors, pulpit acrobats, and the general snobbery and meanness of the country. Will Mr. Bandny undertake to say as much for his fraternity? Will Mr. Bandny assert that the abortions and other flagititious outrages perpetrated upon the people by his code of medical ethics render his position as an assailant of the ethics of Spiritualism a safe one? He says that "in not a few instances insanity is a channel into which some of its devotees sooner or later irresistibly drift."

Anyone desirous of knowing can easily ascertain from statistics that the proportion of Spiritualists confined in our asylums is exceedingly small, and the Light of Truth stands ready to point out for every one insane Spiritualist in asylums named by Mr. Bandny twenty-five who have been driven there directly or indirectly by the infamous practices of his profession.

Mr. Bandny's argument rests almost wholly upon the exploded theories of Hammond, Maudsley Maskelyne, *et al*, and proves nothing except the writer's ignorance and prejudice. He admits that Mr. Home "was certainly one of the greatest mediums who has astonished the world and perplexed some of the most skeptical investigators." Very well. But here this peddler of bolus and pills strikes conclusions with Hugo, Flammarion, Challis, de Morgan, Fichte, Varley, Hare, Mapes, Wallace, Crookes, Zollner, Edmonds, Denton, Savage, Stead, and thousands of other illustrious scientists and philosophers who have spent years in the researches of Spiritualism, and says that "his (Home's) most marvelous achievements have all been explained, and certainly to my mind critically analyzed and satisfactorily exposed." Mr. Bandny should have submitted his proofs, if he had any, but like the valiant fellow who fought and ran away, that he might live to fight another day, he says the limits of this article will not permit me to enter into fuller detail. "Should any of my readers desire more information upon this subject and further corroboration of my assertions that the phenomena commonly attributed to Spiritualism can all readily be understood without for a moment ascribing them to this ghostly agency, I would refer them to Hammond's excellent work on 'Spiritualism and Allied Causes and Conditions of Nervous Derangement.'"

If Mr. Bandny thinks he can convince the average reader of his conclusions based upon the prejudiced writings of such men as Hammond and the fake performances of professional tricksters he will find that his readers are capable of drawing better conclusions than he is.

Further along he says: "The roll-call of Spiritualists is not a long one, and why there are Spiritualists is not my province to decide." Indeed! There Mr. Bandny's conviction that someone ought to "attempt the tide of absurdities,' etc., is a little out of place, for on his own premise these "absurdities" indicate "why there are Spiritualists," a proposition which he now says "it is not his province to decide." But no Don Quixote is complete without a Sancho Panza, and so this warrior who has been rapped by the wind-mill throws the fight over to Archbishop Whately and says his apology for any hurt to the feelings of Spiritualists can better be couched in the language of that man of God, who says "When people have resolved to shut their eyes, or to look on only one side, it is of little consequence how good their eyes may be. A few proofs of the humbuggery of Spiritualism as I have found it will prove of interest here." O! valiant snob! O! thou sacerdotal Warwick! For the next swipe at the wind mill Don Quixote de la Bandny takes up some of Hermann's explanations, quoting at length from the trickster, but offering no experience of his own. Then he runs up against the "Laws of Psychic Phenomena," by Hudson, and refers his readers to that work for further proofs of the "utter fallacy of Spiritualism."

Then he jumps into telepathy, and like a mole boring his hole in the ground, he exclaims that: "All the alleged manifestations of Spiritualism are entirely explicable through telepathy, especially those which are produced through so-called spirit mediums." In the beginning of his screed he observes as follows:

"In my humble opinion physical mediums, sensitives, or impressible mediums, auditive mediums, speaking mediums, seeing mediums, somnambulic mediums, curing mediums, pneumato-graphic mediums, writing or psychographic mediums, possessed mediums, obsessed mediums (Kardec's classification) mostly belong to distinctive neurotic classes, possessing preternaturally mobile, excitable, emotional, and impressionable nervous temperaments, and they may all be relegated, more or less, to hysterical, epileptiform and cataleptoid subdivisions of primary and secondary, organic or functional neurotic perversion."

He does not tell us what relation telepathy bears to this "humble opinion." Perhaps Archbishop Whately can post him on this point! Although after adducing three instances of what he calls telepathy, he concludes:

"In justice, however, to those scientists who have sought to investigate the subject of telepathy, and have failed to witness the phenomena promised, it must be said that in many instances the failure is attributable, not to any fault of their own, or lack of earnest purpose on their part, but to a want of knowledge of the fundamental laws which pertain to the production of such phenomena."

Exactly. And when Mr. Bandny and his kind get through with the exploded hypothesis of Hammond, Carpenter, Hudson & Co., which no scientist up to date would be incautious enough to quote, and turn their attention to the fundamental laws governing psychic phenomena, they will *know* something about Spiritualism. These phenomena have compelled the judgment of many of th most profound latter-day scientists of the world to affirm their thorough satisfaction of the spiritual origin of the same. Mr. Bandny has shown himself to be too full of prejudice to utter even a fair philippic against the subject he has dipped his pen to revile. To argue with a man who so far renounces his own better judgment and insults the intelligence of his fellows is like applying a galvanic battery to an Egyptian mummy.

THE SCHOOL QUESTION.

The *New York Sun*, in an editorial against the strictures of Rev. Dr. Burrell, and upholding the Pope's course with regard to American Catholics, says:

"The Pope, then, is not interfering with our political affairs in any way. He does not address his followers here except as a spiritual potentate, to whom they owe spiritual allegiance alone. Dr. Burrell thinks, as he has a right to think, that nobody owes allegiance of any kind to the Pope. He does not believe in the doctrine of Papal infallibility; and being of that opinion, he is not obliged to listen to the Pope. He can worship God in his own way and preach his own doctrines in this free and independent country. But the same liberty which he enjoys permits those who believe in the Pope to continue in that belief and labor for its propagation. What is fair for one is fair for all.

Mgr. Satolli visits this country, or rather is established here, simply as representing the spiritual authority of the Pope; and under his commission there is no impertinence in his telling Roman Catholics what their attitude toward the public schools ought to be under the law of the Church. He has as much right to tell them that as the General Assembly has to say what ought to be the attitude of Presbyterians toward schools of divinity teaching the doctrine of Dr. Briggs."

There is no parallel between the two statements. Satolli's talk to Catholics on the school question and the Presbyterians right to dictate on matters pertaining to divinity schools are two different things. There can be no justification in any ecclesiastical interference, Protestant or Catholic, with our common school system. The constitution does not and can not inhibit any religious worship in this country, and so far as the Catholic policy is maintained along lines of religion it is outside the bounds of secular or civil jurisdiction. It is only when it oversteps its legitimate field that the vigilant eye of liberty-watchers fastens upon it. To say that the Catholic policy is in harmony with our public school system is exhibiting either ignorance or knavery.

But while the Protestants have no ulterior designs upon the schools the practice of reading the Protestant Bible and mumbling Protestant prayers in the schools ought to be prohibited. This is the worst that can be said of the Protestant idea in public instruction. In a country where all religions find a welcome no one religion should have any more supremacy or favor in secular affairs. Our schools are a part of the State. The tax payers of the State, regardless of religion, contribute to their support, and for this prime reason there should be no religion in a public school. With just as much reason the State might provide parsons to pray in our municipal buildings while the people pay their taxes. In contradistinction to the *Sun* we say the Pope *is* interfering with our political affairs. His late encyclical letter demonstrated his attitude on this subject by his quasi adherence to the rules of the Baltimore council. The Catholic Church can not become nationalized in this country nor inany other country. To do so would be to abjure the vital quality of its existence and repudiate its claim to universal domination and acceptance. In the purview of the Catholic propaganda there is no other and can be no other law for humanity than that laid down by the Church. Therefore no comparison between Catholics and Protestants on lines of secular education can be made.

IMMORTALITY AND REASON.

The man who reasons on the wonderful fact that it required ages—from common star-dust through innumerable chemical processes—to evolve a human being, can not conscientiously doubt that nature is also capable of taking care of that being after physical death, though the same may not be cognizable to ordinary sight. The average thinker has reasoned himself into a belief that universal law exists. Though beyond sentient or demonstrable proof, yet he will stubbornly doubt even a possible future life for himself because nature will not lay down the proofs at his feet. Did she ask him to believe in law? One must be sought as well as the other, and both will remain true, whether he believe or not. Immortality is proven, and is a matter of absolute knowledge, while law, or what is believed to be law, is but a hypothetical construction of something not yet understood. What if material or spiritual science should prove that the planets of a solar system are whirled around by the motion of the ether direct instead of the so-called centrifugal and centripetal forces? Would this not produce a revolution of ideas in the minds of scientists in regard to other interstellar theories? Psychical research has revolutionized the theories of many concerning man's mental or spiritual nature. This new science may also uncover something that will revolutionize the beliefs of material scientists concerning law and evolution. But like the former it would perhaps be rejected because new, and because Materialists are as much wedded to old beliefs as certain Church-people are. They accuse their Church-brethren of not being able to reason, while they won't. Ignorance and stubbornness may not be of one parentage, but in the light of reason they are classed alike.

"It is a Fearful Thing to Fall into the Hands of the Living God."

A mild mannered prodigal has of late returned to the home of his father up in Michigan, and judging from his account, he has had a worse time of it at home than when he was out amongst the gentiles. He writes a long letter of appeal for help, which space prevents printing in full, and signs himself J. D. Hagaman. He has also written what he calls the "Unwritten History of Phenomenal Spiritualism, or Mediumship Unveiled," which he throws in with his appeal. He says he used to edit a Spiritualist paper, and has gone through "Atheism, Spiritualism, Materialism, and Infidelity." But "one beautiful evening in March, '84, God opened the door by which a wayward child could return." But did he go in? No. Rather did he dally with the loaves and flesh pots and did make sport of the covenants, and as he tells it he had a pretty tough time of it getting into the hands of the living God, and after he got in times were still dull and grumpy-like.

On the morning of the day God opened the door for him, he joined a party on a pleasure trip to Lookout Mountain and met with an accident that laid him up till June. Then he started out in the interest of Spiritualism. "And," says he, "from that day failure met me at every turn. In '86 I settled down to farming in Lenawee County, Mich. I feared now to reject God's influence, still I could not accept. In all my travels and investigation I found I had not got out of reach of God." To substantiate this latter statement he says: 'On June 19, 1888, I lost the use of my right hand by a buzz saw." Finally, during the winter of '90 he concluded to get under cover, so he and his wife gave themselves to the Lord and joined the M. E. Church at Fairfield, Mich. After that things went on swimmingly. He says his happiness can only be explained by those who have witnessed the spirit of God. Then his four barns filled with hay, grain, and machinery burned to the ground. Then for awhile he felt benumbed in his duties to God, says he got a job at $85 per month, but it was not God's plan and he considered the feasibility of attempting God's work, and finally threw God over and took a better job. At this writing he wants to know if he shall continue to battle against life's raging seas? The M. E. Church at Fairfield, Mich., is to be congratulated on this valuable acquisition and may we not expect that it will induce God to temper the wind to the shorn lamb? It seems as though a fellow who has gone through Atheism, Spiritualism, and Materialism and has at last gotten into a full-fledged orthodox Church ought to be shown some consideration.

The Labor Problem Solved.

While Krupp is teaching mankind how to kill after the most approved fashion, he is also showing them how to live the best. He employs 16,000 men, who, with their families, make a population of some 50,000. The proprietors of the concern are very humanitarian in looking after the welfare and comfort of their laborers. Four thousand homes have been built and rented to them at $15 to $80 a year. Co-operative stores of all kinds have been established. Laundries, factories, mills, restaurants, boarding-houses, markets, ice-houses, are provided on the co-operative and profit-sharing plan. Besides this, societies for intellectual and moral culture have been established, reading-rooms, free libraries, amusement, and industrial schools are provided. Pension funds and insurance organizations against accidents are a part of the plan. A hospital takes care of the sick at about one-tenth of the price it would cost at home. Baths at two and a half cents each. In short, all this is prompted by the Krupps for the benefit of their workmen, and the latter are the happiest community in the world. Let us have some more Krupps.

How, indeed, hath snobbery and plutocracy made this a glorious country a free country. The stars and stripes float as a beacon of freedom, fire-crackers sizzle and cannons roar the hymn of American hospitality. The Chinaman hears it while we banish him. Our glorious "Christian" civilization welcomes the representative of Spain, the preachers preach sermons on the color of her finger nails, the curve of her eyebrows, the size of her hat pin. Large processions escort her, railroads place their finest cars at her disposal, the eagle screams while we feast her upon the fat of the land. When she goes out of doors great care is taken that she doesn't run foul of a prison, a poor-house, a reformatory, a Magdalene retreat, or the vast rows of Gehenna's orchard trees called tenement houses. Nobody reads her the statistics of evictions in our metropolis. Nobody explains to her why families are starving while 70 000 000 bushels of wheat are locked up in the warehouses of the country. And yet this is one of the evidences of our greatness, our liberty, and our morals. We scrape and cringe at the feet of royalty with a million men behind us idle and unable to get work. We are awed by the diapason of our great cathedral organ, and we listen to the message of peace that floats down to us through the automaton in the high pulpit, while our ships laden with whisky plow the seas to Africa where the heathen dwells, but not much royalty. Still we are a free people, a mighty people, a truly God-like people!

This is a country of majorities. We elect civil officers all the way down from a president to a hangman by majorities We impeach, too, by a majority vote. The United States Senate must sit as a jury and be ruled by a majority vote to impeach even our president. But by a hocus pocus which only a lawyer can understand, but can not explain, we try our burglars and murderers by a jury of twelve, who must be unanimous in their verdict. Majorities go in everything except the jury system. Twelve men were locked up in New Bedford the other day to decide whether Lizzie Borden killed her parents. Every one of them had to agree else their verdict would have been void of effect. What is it that bestows a monumental tom-fool prerogative upon a jury which finds no sanction in any other process of deciding a case on its merits?

Abolish the jury system.

Circumstantial evidence and a jury "who would not if they had known" enables one of the legal murderers of New York State to turn a bolt of electricity into the body of Carlyle Harris. The same kind of evidence might have brought Lizzie Borden into the sympathetic clutches of some Massachusetts hangman.

A man serving a life sentence in a Texas prison for murder, convicted on circumstantial evidence, met in prison the man he was accused of having murdered. And yet the wall-eyed goddess of stupidity rules the forums, jails, penitentiaries, and scaffolds.

The Rev. Leigh Vernon, evangelist, has been conducting a series of revival meetings in Joplin, Mo. He met with such phenomenal success, and the power of grace was poured out in such a flood that it drowned Mrs. J. E. Pearson's affection for her husband and home. Whereupon the Rev. Leigh Vernon, evangelist, revived her affections to such a degree that she eloped with him, and now the good people of Joplin are wondering at the increase of crime. Next.

In a recent sermon a prominent preacher said: "The Bible is the truth, because it is a revelation of the Prince of Truth." And who is this Prince of Truth who can tell such fearful whoppers as the Jonah Fish story? And where is there any "revelation," in such a material fiction? Or is this one of the errors discovered by the Prince of Reason, and for which discovery said prince is being tried for heresy?

Lake Pleasant Camp-Meeting.

This famous camp-meeting is held in the town of Montague, Franklin Co., Mass. It is situated on the shore of a beautiful lake, some seven miles east of Greenfield, and is reached from Boston and Troy by the Fitchburg Railroad—the great Hoosac Tunnel Line. It is one of the largest camps held by Spiritualists. Its popularity is still very great in New England. The pure water, the pine woods, the mountain air—and the absence of mosquitos, all combine to make the place agreeable and healthy. The lake is a gem, set in a frame of forest trees, and the outlook from the bluff upon the valley and mountains is something to rave about.

The evenings are made brilliant with electric lights, and musical by a splendid band, while the young enjoy the fairy dance.

The social life at Lake Pleasant is more informal and free than in any camp I have visited. The cottages and the tents are unusually near each other, and ladies visit without bonnets, the shady pines being sufficient protection from the sun.

The camp is surrounded by a rich farming and dairy country, so fresh garden vegetables, pure, rich milk, sweet butter, and great quantities of blueberries, whortleberries, high-bush blackberries are offered at every door by the lads and lasses of the rural districts around. One dollar a day will pay all the necessary expenses of living here.

The Worcester Cadet Band is employed the whole time from July 29th to August 28th; and there are usually three band concerts, besides the orchestra music for the dance each week-day evening.

There is to be a Chinese lantern illumination Saturday, August 12th, and a grand display of fire-works August 26th.

Round-trip tickets can be bought at about half fare in New York at office of Citizens' Line of steamers, via Troy, or via New York Central, or by New London (Conn.) steamers. All the roads in Vermont and Massachusetts sell reduced fare tickets.

The camp opens July 30th and continues to August 27th.

The writer visited Lake Pleasant July 4th, and found a place where the noise of the fire-cracker was absent. A beautiful day, the dawn clear and serene; the robins sang in the tree-tops as the morning light was breaking, the gleeful squirrel chatters and skipped from bough to bough of the odorous pines; the distant cow bells from the green hillsides brought to mind the immortal poem of Gray; the surface of the lake, bright and quiet, reflected from its placid depth the tall trees on its margin. Old Toby in the South was wreathed around its summit with morning mist, which the songs of sunlight pierced and soon melted away; the song of the "bobolink" arose like a gush of praise from the meadows below, and the wagon of the early milkman rattled along the distant road.

Lake Pleasant, bright home of the weary, who come by thousands to rest in its pretty cottages, to breathe its balmy air, laden with the scents of the daisy, the goldenrod, the wild primrose, the gentian, and the graceful pines; to drink from "Jacob's Well," fountain of health and purity; to listen to the grand music from the great masters, rendered in superb movements by the glorious band; to sing the praises of the summerland during the pleasant days and the moonlit evenings; to bathe in the morning sun from the bluff; to sail in the light canoe over the silver surface of the lake, and talk of love and heaven as the oars dip in the moonlit water; to seek sweet converse with the loved ones gone before. At these gates of heaven the good and truthful medium to fall asleep by the music of the dance, to wake in the night to listen to the gentle music of the pines, as the night air touches the needles with her magic wand.

What new resolves for a better life come to the soul in this "sweet home;" what new strength sets the laggard blood bounding through the veins; what sweet memories are carried away to help the toiler through another year; what courage is taken here to rise to higher achievements in virtue and spirituality.

Come to Lake Pleasant, ye mourners, come, ye lonely ones; come, ye that are sick in soul, and drink in the health and beauty of one of the loveliest mountain home-camps in New England. H. A. Budington.

Northwestern Spiritual Association.

E. Bach, the president of the Northwestern Spiritual Association, now in camp at Merrimac Island, below Inver Grove, in the Mississippi River, is a well-known business man of Aberdeen, South Dakota, and is also well known in the twin cities.

He lost a son, aged 26, by death on May 23d. They claim that they communicated with him within twenty-nine hours after his passage to spirit life; that they have been in constant communication with him almost daily since, either through mediums in the family, or through strangers, and that he has given them a rational, reasonable, and connected account of his experiences since what is called his death. All the members of the family, consisting of several grown-up sons and daughters, were at the island during the past few days. They have attended the materializing seances of Mrs. Aspinwall in a body, and claim that they there met their son and brother; seeing him face to face, and talking to him; he addressing some word to each member of the family.

To day that spirit son controlled his brother, W. H. Bach, secretary of the Northwestern Spiritual Association, a well-known medium on the rostrum, and recited some of his experiences in spirit life, and somewhat of the conditions which he found over there. The audience listened with bated breath, and there were but few dry eyes in that assembly when he ceased. Mr. Bach is an educated gentleman; is quite a writer and somewhat of a lecturer on many topics, and it will not do to say that he and his are credulous dupes.

We, the undersigned, know the above to be true, being campers on Merrimac Island: Judge M. P. Rosecrans, Clear Lake, Iowa; F. P. Barnes, Blue Earth City, Minn.; C. A. Haskell, Menomoine, Wis; W. W. Robinson, Spring Valley, Wis.; L. Hanson, Hudson, Wis.; E. DeWolf, Blue Earth City, Minn.; O. B. Underhill, St. Paul, Minn.; R. W. Seeter, Blue Earth City.

Cassadaga Camp Psychic Research Society.

An increased interest in psychic science has been awakened at this camp during the present reason by the lectures, and instructions of Mr. W. J. Colville, and as a result thereof a psychical society has been formally organized upon the same basis and with the same object as that of the National Psychical Research Society, which has been published in most of the leading papers. This society is made up of members of Mr. Colville's class and residents of the camp. It is to be held weekly, on Sunday evenings at the Octagon Cottage, which was built by Mrs. H. T. Stearns and dedicated to psychic uses.

Mr. W. J. Colville has been duly elected as president of the society, and was chosen as delegate to the National Congress of Psychical Research, to be held in Chicago in September. Mrs. H. T. Stearns was elected secretary of the society, and following persons were elected as corresponding secretaries: Mrs. Elizabeth Thompson, Olean, N. Y.; Mrs. Wheeler, of the *Buffalo Express*; Mrs. E. W. Tillinghast, of Patrolia, Pa.; Mrs. O. E. Tousey, Fredonia, N. Y. The Camp Library has become an associate member of the National Society, having paid its regular dues, and it is to have yearly reports of the proceedings and all the past publications.

Lake Pleasant Park Camp.

The twentieth annual convention of the N. E. S. C. A. at Lake Pleasant meets July 30th to August 27th, inclusive. Speakers: July 30, August 1 and 3, Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes; August 4, 5, and 6, Mrs. R. S. Lillie; August 8 and 10, Mrs. Clara Banks (expected); August 11, 13, and 15, Willard J. Hull; August 17, 18, and 20, Hon. A. B. French; August 19 and 24, Mrs. Carrie Twing; August 22, Mrs. Tillie Reynolds; August 23, 25, and 27, J. Frank Baxter. John Slater, the most remarkable of test mediums, will give tests at every lecture and conference during the encampment.

For particulars send for circulars. J. Milton Young, Clerk; A. H. Dailey, President, Lake Pleasant, Franklin Co., Mass.

When Weary and Languid
USE HORSFORD'S PHOSPHATE ACID.
When you are weary and larquid with the heat of Summer and strive in vain to keep cool, and your temper also, the use of Horsford's Acid Phosphate will materially aid you.

News from Correspondents

Letter from Abby A. Judson.

Passing through the grounds of the North Star Camp a few days ago, I was reminded of "some banquet hall deserted." Debris of the physical man lay here and there, but the grand workers had gone from the spot, and the Methodists are preparing to occupy the land. In their ignorance and bigotry they will, no doubt, think that their prayers and exhortations will exorcise the evil spirits that they fancy lead the van of Spiritualism. But their turn will come by-and-by. Later, if not sooner, their souls will outgrow and burst the confining shell.

Yes; the first North Star encampment has become a beautiful memory, though we believe that it will, like the phœnix, be born again into youth and freshness, in the Summer of 1894. Let me now give your readers some of the memories of its past pleasures.

My last letter spoke of the fact that it was in the brain of Mrs. Pruden that the thought of this camp was born. Passing through different States, many have said to me, "Who is Mrs. Pruden?" So I will now try to answer this question.

Mrs. Pruden is a woman approaching middle age, who was brought into Spiritualism by the loss of her only child, a boy of ten. Giving her a loving good-by kiss one sunny morning, his drowned body was brought to her some hours later. Afterwards, imploring God in her agony to let her know that Willie still lived somewhere, her spirit vision opened, and she saw her boy bright and beautiful, and heard his loving words of comfort. Thus her mediumship began. Desiring to impart to other souls the light that floods her inner being, she began to hold public meetings five years ago in Minneapolis, always occupying the platform herself, her angel Willie being at first her main guide. From the first she has depended absolutely on her spirit forces. And this absolute dependance on the higher powers has made it impossible for opposition to daunt her, or for obstacles to turn her aside. Her powers have developed by use, and she is now the favorite speaker of many Spiritualists in Minneapolis. Willie has always guided her in her lyceum work, and many of her lectures have been inspired by high intelligences from the spirit side of life.

In person Mrs. Pruden is petite and very graceful. Her face is most attractive, and it would be a pleasure even for a totally deaf person to watch the winning play of feature and form. Radiating from her whole personality is the spirit of purity, aspiration, and love. Mrs. Pruden is fortunate in possessing a husband who is a real support to her in her work. Mr. Pruden is the treasurer of the association, and is an earnest unselfish Spiritualist.

The camp extended through one month, and J. Clegg Wright was with it during the whole term. Mrs. Richings, too, has lectured for them every week, though she has been partially engaged elsewhere. Mrs. Lillie was with them the last two weeks, and myself the last ten days. Mrs. Scovell has also spoken in connection with her tests. There were also other local speakers whom I did not hear, as they had completed their work before my arrival. So it will be seen that the speaking was exceptionally good; and we heard President Westerfield remark with a smile of quiet self gratulation that the only criticism he had heard was that the speakers were too good for the first year of a camp. "What do they mean?" said he. "Do they think that we can't pay them?" I think my last letter stated that the camp closed without any indebtedness. Moreover, on the last Sunday of the meeting, a purse was raised on the camp ground to secure Mrs. Lillie for three Sundays in September to speak in Minneapolis.

Well, with Clegg Wright, Mrs. Lillie, and Mrs. Richings as great guns, and with Mrs. Pruden, Mrs. Scovell, Mrs. Lowell, and myself as lighter ordinance, the audiences did seem to be satisfied with their speakers, and we all had ample opportunity of listening to each other. It was a feast of reason and a flow of soul. Wit, too, gave pleasure, and its shafts flew high and touched their aim painlessly, when weilded by such skillful hands as those of Mr. Wright and Mrs. Richings.

As I shall have an opportunity of speaking of Helen Stuart-Richings when I write of Merrimac Island Camp, and as Mrs. Lillie's eighteen years' itinerancy has made her valuable services well known all over the land, I shall devote the remainder of this epistle to Prof. Clegg Wright.

Of course I had heard much of him, but I never heard him till we met on this camp-ground. On the whole, I agree with the dictum of an intelligent and experienced Spiritualist of Minneapolis, who said to me: "Well, my wife and I would like nothing better than traveling all over, following Clegg Wright and hearing all his speeches." It would, indeed, be a spiritual education for anyone to do so. It is not Mr. Wright alone, though nature endowed him remarkably. It is his exalted spirit guides, who have made him the mouth-piece of truths that fill the mental vision of spirits who are removed many spheres from the earth plane. Where they dwell the prejudices, the narrow theologic assumptions, the political, the historic, and ecclesiastical chains that fetter the human mind have lost all their power, and the dwellers therein have begun to be really free. Some call him too radical. He is not too radical, *per se*, but he may well be too radical for all who listen to him. One who murmurs "Too radical!" when listening to truth like this, is enslaved in some part of his own mind. Old ecclesiastical dicta, old conventionalities of some sort, or a crouching fear of Mrs. Grundy, make such a soul fear to stand on the mountain peak of real soul freedom. Sunday morning Prof. Wright said: "Dominant ideas are the enemies of men and of spirit. Growth dissipates dominant ideas. Freedom first, last, and forever for the human mind! Widen the circle of freedom, go for facts, dream as you like, speculate as you like, dogmatize never."

Such words as these clear the fogs away, and make the soul truly democratic. Men like Wright show men the chains that bind them. The slave must realize that he is chained, and then he will try to make a break for liberty. While unconscious of slavery he lies down supinely, and the chains bind him more closely, while the mass of old superstitions suffocate the avenues of growth. But when he realizes his enchained condition the fetters begin to chafe. He suffers, and throwing off what maddens him he springs into a new life. The slave becomes a man. The fettered soul becomes a soaring one. Real life begins for the individual. I have often claimed that I would rather listen to an intelligent embodied spirit than to an ignorant disembodied one. But when a spirit from supernal realms can instruct mortals through such a brain and organism as Clegg Wright's, I am very thankful for the opportunity to receive light and truth from the higher realms. But when this medium, fully entranced, begins by saying in a soft, mild voice, "I am an old man, I live, my home is away beyond mortal spheres," then let all bigots, all slaves of conventionality, all souls who love their fetters begin to tremble, for they will be sure to hear something that they will not like to hear.

Well, Mrs. Lillie has gone to Chicago, Clegg Wright to his home in Cincinnati, and the North Star Camp has broken up. But Merrimac Island remains, and I will write next week of it and of Mrs. Richings. Yours for Spiritualism,

ABBY A. JUDSON.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Long silence on my part must not be interpreted as a want of interest in the grand truth the LIGHT OF TRUTH doth show as coming from *The Better Way*.

Well-wishers of the spiritualistic cause should be proud to praise and patronize the efforts you are making to present a digest of current spirit phenomena and spiritual thought. Grand resultants come from lines of evolutionary processes. The efforts of spiritual journalists, though laborious, are producing and presenting significant results. The tendency is to advance from abstraction to application, which is a marked feature of the LIGHT OF TRUTH. The true mission of spiritual advocates is to humanize Spiritualism and spiritualize humanity. The media for the expression of thought of the excarnate and incarnate intelligences are the evolutionary factors in spiritual work and progress. The press and the populace on the one side and the prophets and priests for those on the other are elevating and ennobling the spiritual plane of thought and labor. The demands and desires are mutual for the better.

We have been particularly fortunate the past season in Brooklyn with visiting mediums, both of the test and lecture phases. To make personal mention of all would require too much space. Mrs. Crail, of Philadelphia, who has just finished an engagement at Conservatory Hall, deserves special mention as to her platform talk and tests and her circle work. Pleasing in manner, spiritual in character, pointed and plain in delineation of character and transmission of messages, she at once wins attention and esteem, and apparently loves the work for the work's sake. We are to be favored by her ministrations again in September.

This is the vacation time when sea and lake and mountain may equip and inspire efforts in the coming season of work. May the LIGHT OF TRUTH be strengthened in its focal power.

W. WINES SARGENT.

Columbus, Ohio.

A benefit seance was tendered Mr. Dell Herrick at his residence, 117 East Birch Street, Monday evening, July 3d. Thirty-five people assembled, though the heat was intense. But Spiritualists are willing to endure it for the sake of communion with loved ones. Nearly all received communications; and there were several very affecting incidents, one especially in connection with a gentleman seated in front of the writer, and one who was just beginning to investigate. Though we know that our loved ones are better off and it saddens them to find us in tears, yet for all that they will fall. It is hard even for those who have always been Spiritualists to overcome their grief when loved ones pass away, even when they know that in reality they are just as near, although invisible to them; then how much harder is it for those who have only a vague hope that there is a hereafter and that they may meet the idols of their hearts some day. Oh! Spiritualists are a happy people we know, and nothing ever robs us of that blessed knowledge.

A notable incident was the singing of Mr. James Beard's mother, who was a very aged lady when she passed to summerland. Her sweet voice joined her son in two song. She showed great power, as did also one of my guides, who brought the trumpet over the heads of those seated in front of me, (for I was seated in the outside circle against the wall) spoke to me endearingly, and gently tapped my head and face many times; also touching three other persons near me. I think his ability to do this was gained through the power of Mrs. Dr. Clemens, who assisted Mr. Herrick, and near whom I was seated. It has only been a few months since Mrs. Clemens developed this phase, but she has been a medium from birth, and her cradle was rocked by spirit hands. She has all her life been a trance medium and healer. To this is now added that of trumpet manifestations. She does not, however, give sittings, because she has so many patients to treat.

One of the most interesting features of this seance was the coming of Sunbeam, a dear little Indian girl, who entrances Mrs. Dr. Clemens, and talks in a very interesting manner. Everyone who has heard her is delighted with her, and longs to hear her again. It is the first time the writer ever heard her. There were also independent voices during the seance, and both trumpets would be in use simultaneously. It is difficult to hear what is said when two or three spirits are talking, but it is very convincing to a skeptic. A number of lights were also seen. "Tim," the powerful control of Mr. Herrick, bore the guitar around the room, and played upon it accompanied by a flute, whenever we sang. Spirit voices joined us, singing through the trumpets. The spirit power of Mr. Herrick is so widely and favorably known that it is not necessary for me to say much to my readers about it. Suffice it that he has done a grand and noble work in our city, and hundreds have reason to bless him. So much of his work has been without remuneration, hence this seance. There is no selfishness about him, freely does he give, as does also his mother, whom we all love so well, to the poor, and spiritual comfort to the sorrowing heart. May they both live long and prosper, for surely they deserve it.

LUELLA THOMAS.

Liberal, Mo., Camp-Meeting.

The Liberal Spiritual Association has completed all its arrangements for holding its camp-meeting at Catalpa Park, Liberal, Mo., from August 19th to September 4th, inclusive.

This camp is most favorably situated for friends in the South-west, two main lines of railway crossing at this place, the camp ground being within five minutes ride of either station, where carriages will be found in ready waiting to convey visitors to the encampment grounds.

The Park consists of a beautiful Catalpa grove located on an eminence over-looking the surrounding country; to nature's display of lavish folliage here spread forth, has been added man's ingenuity and woman's skill vieing to make this spot a comfort and pleasure to all who come. Beds of rare blooming flowers which fill the air with their perfume, with vine-clad arbors, shady bowers and spraying fountains, invite the lover of beauty and the weary worn to a quiet rest. Here the body finds repose while the spirit can feast on the heavenly "manna," that falls from the lips of our inspired mediums, to encourage the faltering and support the famishing.

To the list of celebrities already on the program for this year are added the names of Dr. Henry Slade, of N. Y., the world-renowned slate writer who ante-dates all other mediums of this phase of phenomena; and Dr. Rowley, of Cleveland, O., the celebrated medium of occult telegraphy.

Friends, come and unite with us in one loud te-deum, that shall rise to our ascended loved ones, who echo from life's sunnier shore the glad refrain, "tis sweet to live, but, 'tis sweeter far to die."

HANNAH M. WALSER.

Queen City Park Excursions.

No. 1. Dr. Smith will leave Queen City Park with two special excursion cars, Monday morning, July 31, on the mail train, for Lake Pleasant. Tickets $3 00; good going on that train only. Good to return on any day or train within two weeks. Will take on passengers at any station between the Park and Bellows Falls.

No. 2. Dr. Smith will leave Lake Pleasant with two special cars for Queen City Park on Tuesday morning, August 1, at 10 o'clock, on regular passenger train. Tickets $3 00; good going that day, and return on any day or train within two weeks.

No. 3. Dr. Smith will leave Queen City Park with two special cars for Lake Pleasant on Monday morning, August 14, on the mail train, 8 a. m. Same rates and privileges as No. 1.

No. 4 Dr. Smith will leave Lake Pleasant with two special cars for Queen City Park, on Tuesday morning, August 15, at 10 o'clock, Same rates and privileges as No. 2.

No. 5. Dr. Smith will leave Lake Pleasant with two special cars for Queen City Park, on Monday morning, August 28, at 10 o'clock, at the close of Lake Pleasant Camp. Same rates and privileges as No. 2.

Lake Pleasant to Queen City Park and return, $5 00. Good from June 15 to September 15. For Sale by N. S. Henry, Lake Pleasant, and M. B. Smith, Miller's Falls.

St. Louis, Mo.

Spiritualism is taking a very deep hold here. Three halls have been used for several months. It is talked about everywhere. I can seldom go into an office, store, shop, or among a group of people where I am known but some one asks me about this momentous subject.

Jules Wallace has done and is doing great work here. The eyes of unbelievers simply follow him in wonder. He has given from 1,500 to 2,000 names, none the second time. Gave names and conversations and messages in many different languages. Last Sunday he gave a message to a Sandwich Islander, and one to a Swede in his own language. In his fifteen seances, and the hundreds of names given, none has brought a particle of evidence that Wallace obtained these messages, conversations, and names, except through spirits.

The newspapers have published much about him, often very bitter articles, but not the least proof that his tests are not genuine—from the spirit land. The specialty of this phenomenal medium is not that he never gives a test but what is thoroughly recognized and thoroughly understood. Overwhelming evidence points to the fact that we have crossed the threshold of an epoch the greatest of the world's annals. The universal inter-communion of souls living with the dead, the mortal with the immortal. Superstition passes away, and facts and science take its place. The knowledge and benefits we receive from the other side are incalculable, bringing to us a civilization greater than even dreamed of by the most imaginative philosophers.

The crowds that flock to Cooper and Howard Halls are the most intelligent people of the city—and why not, Spiritualism is the most intellectual of subjects, opening up to us scientific truths far beyond any terrestrial sphere.

J. W. COOPER.

Hamilton, Canada.

Every chair and seat in the Spiritualists Hall, on King Street, West, was filled on Sunday evening last. Since the giving of spirit descriptions, and messages has become a feature of the services more interest than ever is taken by the public in Spiritualism. All are so anxious to hear from their loved ones across the border, and those who receive a test or a message carry the glad tidings far and wide. Our brother Geo. W. Walrond, gave quite an instructive address on the subject, "What is man?" The controlling intelligence spoke in detail of the gradual development of man from spirit to matter, and then progressively onward until the present standard of mankind was reached. The *end* for which man was created and the *uses* for which man was intended formed a most interesting portion of the lecture. At the close some descriptions of spirits present were given, also messages from quite a number of spirits. Our organist, Brother Robinson, was controlled by the spirit of his father, mho spoke of the pleasure it gave him to come back to the wortal world through the organism of his son.

CORR.

Fourteenth Annual Summer Assembly of the
Cassadaga Lake
FREE ASSOCIATION,
—AT—
Cassadaga Lake, Lily Dale, Chautauqua Co., N. Y.

PROGRAM.
Friday, July 21, Jennie Hagan Jackson.
Saturday, July 22, W. J. Colville.
Sunday, July 23, Jennie Hagan Jackson, W. J. Colville.
Monday, July 24, Conference.
Tuesday, July 25, W. C. Warner.
Wednesday, July 26, Jennie Hagan Jackson.
Thursday, July 27, Lyman C. Howe.
Friday, July 28, Mrs. H. S. Lake.
Saturday, July 29, W. C. Warner.
Sunday, July 30, Lyman C. Howe, Mrs. H. S. Lake.
Monday, July 31, Conference.
Tuesday, Aug. 1, Lyman C. Howe.
Wednesday, Aug. 2, Special Labor Day, O. P. Kellogg, Sundance, Wy., Hon. M. A. Foran, of Cleveland.
Thursday, Aug. 3, Mrs. H. S. Lake.
Friday, Aug. 4, Willard J. Hull.
Saturday, Aug. 5, W. W. Hicks.
Sunday, Aug. 6, Willard J. Hull, Mrs. C. L. V. Richmond.
Monday, Aug. 7, Conference.
Tuesday, Aug. 8, Willard J. Hull.
Wednesday, Aug. 9, Grand Army Day, A. B. French.
Thursday, Aug. 10, Hudson Tuttle and Mrs. Tuttle.
Friday, Aug. 11, Mrs. C. L. V. Richmond.
Saturday, Aug. 12, A. B. French.
Sunday, Aug. 13, A. B. French, Mrs. C. L. V. Richmond.
Monday, Aug. 14, Conference.
Tuesday, Aug. 15, Hudson Tuttle and Mrs. Tuttle.
Wednesday, Aug. 16, Woman's Day, Rev. Anna Shaw, Mary Seymore Howell.
Thursday, Aug. 17, O. P. Kellogg.
Friday, Aug. 18, Mrs. Lillie.
Saturday, Aug. 19, George P. Colby.
Sunday, Aug. 20, Hon. A. B. Richmond, Mrs. Lillie.
Monday, Aug. 21, Conference.
Tuesday, Aug. 22, Mrs. Lillie.
Wednesday, Aug. 23, Temperance Day.
Thursday, Aug. 24, George P. Colby.
Friday, Aug. 25, W. J. Colville.
Saturday, Aug. 26, Hon. A. B. Richmond.
Sunday, Aug. 27, W. J. Colville, Mrs. Lillie.
Edgar W. Emerson has been engaged from July 30 to Aug. 7, and Miss Maggie Gaule from Aug. 12 to 27.

HOW TO GET TO CASSADAGA.
Passengers over the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Ry., Nickel Plate Ry., Western New York and Philadelphia Ry., and Western Division of the New York, Lake Erie and Western Ry., change cars at Dunkirk, N. Y., and take the Dunkirk, Allegheny Valley and Pittsburg Ry. to Lily Dale Station.
Passengers over the "Erie" system, including the New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio Ry. and the Buffalo and Southwestern Ry., change cars at Falconer Crossing three miles east of Jamestown, N. Y., and take the Dunkirk, Allegheny Valley and Pittsburg Ry. for Lily Dale Station.
Inquire of railroad ticket agents for excursion rates to Lily Dale.
Persons residing at points where excursion tickets cannot be bought to Lily Dale, can purchase Chautauqua Lake excursion tickets to Jamestown or Dunkirk, N. Y., and from thence direct to Lily Dale. A. GASTON, Prest.

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Continuing till August 14th,

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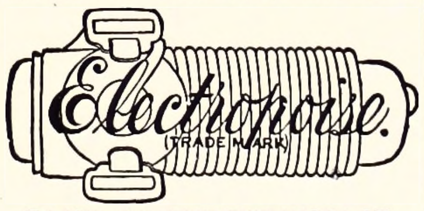

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Nervousness and Insomnia.
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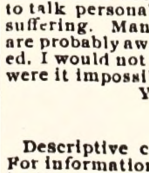

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Clairvoyant Physician
OF MARVELOUS POWER.
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GUARANTEED REVEALED REMEDIES
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Societies and camp-meetings desiring musical services, address
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MISS FLORENCE E BEHLER,
No. 37 Alma St., Alleghany, Penna., writes: Derma-Royale works like a charm. My face was covered with freckles and in less than two weeks' time they are all gone. My complexion is now clear and white as a child's. Everyone can see what Derma-Royale did for me.

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May Von Hoene, No. 807 Dayton Street, Newport, Ky. writes: For nearly five years I was afflicted with eczema. My face was a mass of sores and scabs and the itching was terrible, I found nothing that could help me until I tried your Derma-Royale. I have not used quite a bottle and my skin is smooth and clear. I call myself cured, and consider Derma-Royale the greatest remedy in the world.

Miss Lillie Hanna, No. 23 Brainard Block, Cleveland, Ohio, writes: Your Derma-Royale cured my blackheads in two nights.

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DERMA-ROYALE
The new discovery for curing cutaneous affections, removing discolorations and bleaching and brightening the complexion. In experimenting in the laundry with a new bleach for fine fabrics it was discovered that all spots, freckles, tan, and other discolorations were quickly removed from the hands and arms without the slightest injury to the skin. The discovery was submitted to experienced Dermatologists and Physicians who incorporated it with well known curatives and prepared for us the marvelous Derma-Royale. THERE NEVER WAS ANYTHING LIKE IT. It is perfectly harmless and so simple a child can use it. Apply at night—the improvement apparent after a single application will surprise and delight you. One bottle completely removes and cures the most aggravated case and thoroughly clears, whitens and beautifies the complexion. It has never failed—IT CAN NOT FAIL. It is highly recommended by Physicians and its sure results warrant us in offering
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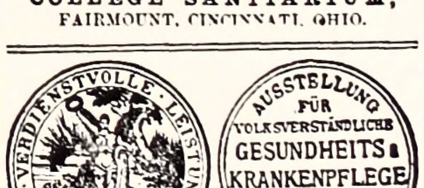
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Conducted by Emma Rood Tuttle.

SHE WHO IS TO COME.

A woman—in so far as she beholdeth
Her one beloved's face;
A mother—with a great heart that enfoldeth
The children of the race;
A body, free and strong, with that high beauty
That comes of perfect use, is built thereof;
And mind where Reason ruleth over Duty,
And Justice reigns with Love;
A self-poised, royal soul, brave, wise, and tender,
No longer blind and dumb;
A Human Being of yet unknown splendor,
Is she who is to come!
—Charlotte Perkins Stetson.

We cordially invite contributions suitable for this department, and assure you they will receive prompt attention. Do not wait till you have something great to say; whatever is of daily interest and moment to you, will be to the members of our Club. Consider yourself one, expected to do your part in entertaining the others. Please write on one side of the paper and address all matter for publication to Emma Rood Tuttle, Berlin Heights, Ohio.

[Written for the LIGHT OF TRUTH.]

The Vale of Blessing.

Air: "The Valley of Blessing."

[illegible]

"I have entered the valley of blessing so sweet,"
And with freedom my soul doth expand
For peace and contentment together do meet
This sweet comfort the Father hath planned
Oh come to this valley of blessing with me,
Where the angels are gathering near
A blessing so perfect is waiting for thee,
A gift from our Father so dear.

In this valley no torturing fears ever dwell
No demon of anger or hate,
But ever the angels a sweet message tell:
Here joyously loved ones will wait.
Then come to this valley of blessing so dear,
Bid thy doubts and thy fears all depart,
And never again need these shadows appear,
For sweet peace will encompass thy heart.

Oh! this valley is warmed by the Father's rich love,
It will scatter all clouds you may meet,
And the bright dew of happiness sent from above,
Make the paths pure and clean to your feet;
Oh! haste to this valley of blessing so true,
Where the angels will guide thee with care,
This valley the prophets and patriarchs knew,
In its pleasures we all own a share.

[Written for the LIGHT OF TRUTH.]

THOUGHTS ON HAPPINESS.

CLAIR TUTTLE.

In our pursuit of happiness we are too often like the traveler over the desert. He pursues a beautiful landscape all day to find at night it is only a mirage.

We are allured on, step by step, too often to find when we reach the end of our dreams all vanish. In our childhood days we are charmed by the idea that riches bring happiness to their possessors. We are delighted with the story of Cinderella, who is found by a prince and becomes a queen, for in our excited imagination the position of a queen is the highest for a woman to attain.

We only see the happiness of others and realize our own sufferings. But the examples of history show us that no rank or condition of life is exempt from unhappiness, and the higher the station in life the more and the heavier are the burdens which must be borne.

The life of the lowly cottager is brimming over with joy compared with that of the highest rulers. The queens whom we so much admire may ride in their splendid carriages; cloaks of velvet trimmed with ermine may fall from their shoulders; their crowns may glitter with diamonds; they may smile like goddesses, and nations bow before them, and yet their hearts be wrung with pain.

The tragic death of Mary, Queen of Scotts, pure, sweet, and beautiful, has been a theme for the pen of poet and historian. Josephine, who shared the empire with the great Napoleon, discarded and unloved, died of a broken heart.

Eugenia, the ambitious Spaniard who shared the throne of France with Napoleon III., and was for many years the unrivalled beauty of the world, bore the downfall of the empire, the death of her husband and only son, who was transfixed by the spears of African savages, and now sits in her lonely castle by the ashes of all her fond hopes and dreams of heaven.

Victoria, queen of an empire on which the sun never sets, lost all of her joy at the death of her husband, and now she rarely smiles except when his name is mentioned.

Before the Queen of Belgium no one dares smile; she mourns her son, and will not be comforted. She weeps and always weeps, crying: "For me there is no more happiness."

The world has wept at the sad story of Carlotta, the wife of Maximillian, who paid for his aggressive ambition with his life.

The Empress of Russia faints at the sound of a pistol, and is in constant fear of an explosion of dynamite and bombs.

From scanning so many examples we are forced to the opinion that the pursuit of happiness should not be the first object in life. If we place happiness first and pursue it for its own sake we lose all other advantages, and not gaining our object lose everything.

In the hour of our greatest anticipation, disappointment, sharp and poignant, comes to us as night shuts out the light of day. This fact is brought before us by the railway catastrophy which shadows with horror all who read. The train leaves the depot freighted with almost a hundred souls, each bent on the great pleasures of the "carnival," where friends and the glad eyes of love sparkle the current of thought. The train rushes on with the gay laugh, the pleasant word, the smile and response. To-morrow will be the brightest of all bright days, to be remembered when all other bright days are forgotten. The train rushes on, on, over the broad valleys, winds around the hills, plunges through the mountain, then over rivers, and sets the wild echo flying from cliff to cliff. No hand of power can hold it, or turn it from its purpose, for its course is laid with the cunning of invention, and the fiery energy of its heart is bound by bands of brass and ribs of steel. The watchman has overlooked the way. He swings the signal of safety, when dark yawns the mountain gorge. The torrent leaps over the craggy rocks. With a scream of defiance the train dashes thundering over the bridge. There is sudden silence. Awful silence, then up out of the darkness as suddenly comes the wild, horrible cry of crushed, bleeding, dying human beings, and the mountain sides are aflame with the wreck of burning timbers, that hold, while they consume, the writhing victims. Then suddenly comes to an end the brightest of our dreams of happiness.

And the lesson that we learn is that there must be some higher motive, some more gainful incentive in the conduct of life. That motive shall be to be true to the highest understanding of right, to do that which we find to do, day by day, to the best of our ability, honestly, thoroughly, with our whole might and individuality. Whatever we do we must do ourselves, as the quaint poet, Walt Whitman, expresses it:

"No one can grow for another, not one."

As the body must digest and assimilate its own food, the mind must educate its own faculties, and the highest education is that which trains all its powers in strength and harmony to the unselfish rule of doing the best that which must be done, whether it is our desire to so act, or otherwise, and patiently abide the consequences.

To do right and faithfully discharge our duties in an unselfish way, looking to the welfare of all about us, is the surest way to receive happiness. Then if sorrows come to us, and come they will, we may meet them with a feeling of serenity, knowing that we have done our best to prevent them, and are in a measure fortified to bear them. There is no unhappiness more bitter than that which comes from

[Written for the LIGHT OF TRUTH.]

Ladies, Don't Waver.

LISLE E. SAXTON.

We are almost surprised to note indications of wavering on the part of some sister Spiritualists in regard to that unique subject, crinoline. Had they lived in a small Churchy city of some five thousand inhabitants, minus Spiritualist societies and Spiritualists, and practiced their conviction that Spiritualists are no more cranky to talk their belief to sinners than Church people, and when the latter tried to proselyte them, had labored faithfully to convince them of the stupendousness of their undertaking, we believe after a few years of such experiences and the interesting train that follows, if they did not turn cowards and rush to Jesus for protection, that even Dame Fashion rigged up in the expansively suggestive hoops, by artistic men dress makers, would have no power to coax or intimidate into aping such a model.

We hope the members of the Women's Club have somehow been so schooled that they will give forth no uncertain sound about the abomination. Eve was instrumental in developing the first man dress-maker, according to the Christian Bible, and to-day we must admit he is entirely dependent upon the Eves for his prestige, but one of her daughters thinks the privilege should be his to engage in any calling, that nothing should be monopolized by sex, and she will keep placid, wish him success, and even praise his excellent accomplishments, so long as he accords her the same rights, and does not try to force or influence her into the old orbit, when she dared not whistle even for fear of direful consequences, because it was solely a masculine accomplishment.

[Written for the LIGHT OF TRUTH.]

Common Sense Thoughts from Mrs. Logan.

The beauty of a flower is in its inherent qualities. It must do its own growing, its own unfolding, exhale fragrance as best it may, remembering that it is firmly rooted in the source of being. Let us use this symbol in reflecting upon woman's nature and sphere. If, like the flower, woman could grow from the naturalness of early childhood to maturity unconscious of her own beauty, she might grow symetrically without affectation or distortion. If her waist and feet could grow as well as her hips and brain, without artificial bondage or restraint then would she indeed, like the flower, be sweet and fragrant as divine love.

To artificially violate nature's best purposes just to please a foolish fancy and distorted imaginations of men, is suicidal, both to the individual and the male mind for whose pleasure these excesses are endured. Men, worthy men, broad chested, have space for heart and lungs, and one can see the entire trunk expand as they draw the long breath of eloquence on platforms of progressive wisdom. Such men love and admire the child or woman that is unconscious of artificial simulation, and is full-chested with large lungs and nutritive power.

Butterflies of fashion who succeed in catching a husband can be appreciated chiefly according to their ability to be the tool and plaything of the owner, pandering to his passion and pleasure. But the worthy man, the husband that is worth getting, will love best and appreciate most that woman whose physical development is rounded out, proportionate to a well-stored, perfected mind, a mind that has the power to accept or reject crinoline trailing skirts, or any other inconsistent requirement of fashion.

My parents and six sisters have passed on to the higher life. Two sisters remain in the mortal, one in Utah Territory, the other here with me, and her address is Mrs. F. A. Logan, Newport House, Alameda City, California.

ON HEALING.

[To the Editor of the LIGHT OF TRUTH.]

In a recent issue of the LIGHT OF TRUTH I read with more than passing interest the article headed: "The Grandeur of Human Freedom and the Crime of Tyranny," and endorse it thoroughly. I wrote two articles recently upon the same line of thought—"Slavery, With Doctors and Drugs as Masters," and sent the articles to one of our Cincinnati newspapers for publication, but neither article appeared. Whether because of their weakness or strength remains unknown.

The gist of my thoughts upon this line which Dr. Babbitt has so ably taken up, was this: The breaking of the chains forged and held by the medical fraternity would be a great grand work in the way of temperance reform. Parents teaching their children by precept and example to take a dose of this, that, or the other for every little ache or pain, or for fear of ache or pain, is the foundation upon which the habit is builded of resorting to strong drink, opium, etc., to affect ills, real or imaginary, in after years.

If all who profess to follow Christ, who call themselves Christians, would, as Christ said, "Consider the ravens which neither sow nor reap, which neither have store-houses nor barns, and God feedeth them; consider the lilies, how they grow, which toil not, nor spin." If all Christians would "take no thought of life as what to eat, etc., and seek the kingdom of God" instead of being continually in fear of sickness and death, the *tide of spiritual life would rise*, as Mrs. Lake so beautifully expresses it, and bear humanity onward to health, happiness, holiness—heaven! I do not know whether I am a Spiritualist or not, never having given the subject any attention until the LIGHT OF TRUTH has been coming to me. I believe in Christian Science, however, and, brought up in the Christian Church and firmly believing in all the tenets of that Church, seeing no incompatibility between the faith as expounded by Mrs. Eddy and by Alexander Campbell, I am willing to do as John bid the deciple do: "Believe not every spirit, but try the spirits whether they be of God." Spirituality is certainly what the world needs. The Churches should give it in full, and if they could imbibe the idea of "consider the ravens" in their careless flights, "consider the lilies" in their growth of purity and beauty, take no thought for the body, then Church fairs, selling soap, etc., to raise a dollar, or other questionable devices for raising money might be done away with, the nuisances be abated, and we all could worship God in *spirit and in truth*, and then would come the grandeur of human freedom, and the crime of tyranny would be done away with; for truly, as Emmanuel Swedenborg said: "A man can not be conjoined to the Lord unless he be spiritual; nor can he be spiritual unless he be rational, nor can he be rational unless his body is in a sound state; which things are like a house, of which the body is the foundation, and the rational is the house built upon it; the spiritual comprises those things which are in the house, and conjunction with the Lord is being at home in it." Or we can reverse the order. Our body will be in a sound state by becoming rational, will be rational if we become spiritual, and will become spiritual if we are conjoined to the Lord.

The apostle James says: "Is any among you afflicted? Let him pray. Is any one merry? Let him sing psalms. Is any sick among you? Let him call for the elders of the Church and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord; and the prayer of faith shall save the sick and the Lord shall raise him up; and if he has committed sins they shall be forgiven him." The apostle James was a Christian Scientist, and if all Christians of the present day would follow his teaching the crime of tyranny, spoken of by Dr. Babbitt, would be no more, and we could follow Paul's words to

Rejoice evermore; pray without ceasing,
And see life's blessings all increasing;
Living faith, truth, and love is the best prayer
To be heard and answered everywhere.

EMILY SCOTT SHEEHAN.

MEDIUMS AND LECTURERS.

Mrs. A. H. Luther may be addressed at Crown Point, Ind.

Address Willard J. Hull 280 DeWitt street, Buffalo, N. Y.

Mrs. N. J. Willis, lecturer, may be addressed at [illegible] Douglass street, Cambridgeport, Mass.

Capt. H. H. Brown may be addressed for lecture engagements at [illegible] Swiss Avenue, Dallas, Texas.

J. W. Dennis, of 120 Thirteenth Street, Buffalo, N. Y., will attend calls to lecture or attend funerals.

Frank T. Ripley may be addressed till last week in August at Lake Brady Camp, via Kent, O.

Mrs. J. Hatch, of San Francisco, platform, trance, and test medium. Address 536 Western avenue, Lynn, Mass.

Dr. Geo. F. West will accept engagements to lecture, attend funerals, baptisms, etc. Address Lily Dale, N. Y.

Prof. H. D. Barrett, of Lily Dale, N. Y., has open dates for September and October of this year, and after May, '94.

F. M. Tuley, inspirational speaker and psychometric reader, will accept engagements. Address San Bernardino, Cal.

Mrs. Elizabeth Stranger, inspirational lecturer and test medium. Permanent address, 171 Pine Street, Muskegon, Mich.

Mrs. Maggie Stewart, of 204 East Main st., Piqua, Ohio, left for Lake Brady Campmeeting July 14th, where she may be addressed until further notice.

Prof. D. M. King will be able to fill two or three Sundays for camp work in July and August. Will attend calls for funerals at all times. Address Mantua Station, O.

Will C. Hodge, inspirational speaker and test medium, desires engagements for the Fall and Winter months. Address until September 1st Mount Pleasant Park, Clinton, Iowa.

Walter Howell having a few open dates would be pleased to negotiate with societies within easy distance of New York City for the coming season. Address 258 West Fifty-fifth street.

Mrs. A. E. Sheets, inspirational speaker, desires to correspond with societies relative to Fall and Winter work. Will attend funerals. Address P. O. Box 833, Grand Ledge, Mich.

Mediums and lecturers, contemplating a trip South, desirous of information can get the same by enclosing a stamp for reply. Address Wm. F. Anderson, 150 Julia Street, Jacksonville, Fla.

Edgar W. Emerson will be at Cassadaga, N.Y., from July 30th to August 6th, Brady Lake, Ohio, August 10th to 16th, Haslett Park, Mich., August 19th and 20th, Clinton, Iowa, August 23d to 27th.

E. W. Sprague, trance and inspirational speaker, and test medium, will answer calls to speak for societies and camp-meetings; will also attend funerals. Address 448 Warren st., Jamestown, N. Y.

Mrs. M. E. Williams will hold materializing seances every Wednesday evening at 232 West Forty-Sixth street, New York, and on Sunday evenings at Holland Hall, North Long Branch, N. J., during the Summer months.

J. B. Jonson, of Toledo, O., will be at Indiana State Camp-meeting at Chesterfield, where he will hold seances for physical manifestations, trumpet-speaking, etc. Present address, 259 South Clay Street, Frankfort, Ind.

Societies wishing the services of A. E. Tisdale, the blind medium and lecturer, for November and December of '93, also for January, February, and March of '94, may address him at 547 Bank street, New London, Conn.

T. Grimshaw, trance speaker, is located at Onset, Mass., for the Summer, where he may be addressed for engagements for the seasons of '93 and '94. Would like to engage with western societies for the first three months of 1894.

Mrs. Virginia Barrett may be engaged for August, September, and October to give lectures and psychometric readings. Address 345 Dover Court Road, Toronto, Ont., until August 1st, after that to 158 East St. Joe street, Indianapolis.

Lyman C. Howe has the following camp engagements: Lake Brady, Ohio, till July 6th; Northwestern Camp from July 9th to 16th; Cassadaga from July 28th to August 1st; Haslett Park from August 5th to 11th; Liberal, Mo., August 20th to 27th.

Traveling lecturers on our new philosophy who contemplate passing through Indianapolis this Summer may possibly secure Sunday evening engagements by conferring with Mrs. L. L. Jackson, secretary S. S. Progressive Club, Indianapolis, Ind.

Mrs. Carrie M. Smith, nee Weatherford, will give private sittings daily at Chesterfield from July 27th till August 9th. Will lecture near home after camp and give until December 1st one lecture gratis to struggling societies. Address 259 South Clay street, Frankfort, Ind.

G. H. Brooks will remain at home, 144 North Liberty Street, Elgin, Ill., until opening of the Haslett Park Camp-meeting, where he will resume his place as Chairman. Those who wish to engage him for Fall and Winter may address him as above. Lyceum-building a specialty.

Mrs. Nellie S. Baade can be addressed for engagements for 1893. Would also be glad to make engagements for any spiritual society within one hundred miles of Detroit for lectures through the week. Will also attend funerals. Address Nellie S. Baade, 411 Thirteenth Street, Detroit, Mich.

Mr. George Walrond, trance and inspirational speaker, Hamilton, Canada, is open to engage with spiritualistic associations and societies in the States or Canada. Spiritualists or inquirers visiting Hamilton may have board and accommodation at his residence, 198 Locke St., North. Public services every Sunday evening at 7 o'clock at Macabee's Hall.

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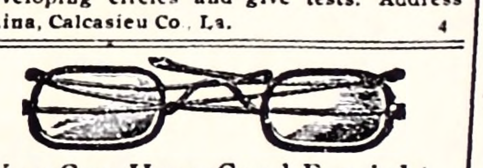

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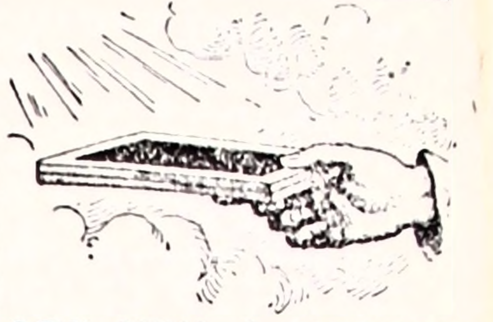

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VOICE OF THE PEOPLE.

Written for the LIGHT OF TRUTH.]

A NOVEL WAY TO PROSELYTE.

JOHN F. CUMMINGS.

The Better Way was the first Spiritualist paper I ever met with, and it was shortly before it emerged into the LIGHT OF TRUTH, and as I looked over the issue of the latter, dated May 13, 1893, I reflected that whatever may be the rate of spirit progress in the future life, it can hardly be exceeded by the progress of this journal in earth life. Looking at the issue before me, the quality even of its paper and composition, but especially of the reliable character of the information it affords; the depth of thought, comprehensiveness, and style of its articles, and more than all, the interesting information in the reports of phenomena and the 'Spirit Message Department," all tend to show a rapid degree of progress in the journalistic line.

But it is not to praise the paper I write, it is to give utterance to some thoughts which occurred to me on reading an article on the first page of the issue before me, under the heading "A Skeptic's Suggestion." I would first remark in regard to it, that if Calla Harcourt is a skeptic, she is in a fair way of conversion, and has made a most valuable suggestion to such of the converted as may think it their duty to let light shine, and not hide it under a bushel. She marks good articles in her spiritual papers, folds and ties them up neatly, puts them in her satchel, and drops them here and there in railroad stations and street cars, or like places where others may find them, there they are pretty sure of being read by the finder, and says she thinks it a better course than the old fashion way of handing out and soliciting the reading of religious tracts.

I have not the least doubt Calla is right, from the standpoint of my own experience in early life. I was the son of a poor farmer in a wooded country far remote from crowded life. On one occasion the crops were bad, especially that of hay, and a frosty Winter long delayed the advent of Spring, and our cattle and horses had to pass through a fodder famine. The hay was scarcely sufficient to keep the horses in working order, and the cattle had to subsist on straw, if they subsisted at all, and rye straw was the coarsest and worst, and had become our last resort. The cattle seemed to scorn it as if expected to eat brush. I was a small boy then, but have a vivid recollection of the situation. My father suggested the cattle must eat something or die. I always notice, said he, they will eat almost anything if you will try to keep them from it. They leave a better pasture and get into a worse one if you try to keep them out of it, and they would even eat buckwheat straw if you would drive them away from it. Now, John, said he, let us carry a fresh supply of rye straw into the yard, and you stay there with them awhile, and whenever any of them approach it, drive them off, and only let them get at it on the sly, and we will see if we can not get them to take it; it will fill them up and afford them some strength. And sure enough, it was not long, till under this method, the whole supply furnished them was devoured, and finally they got to like it, and would eat it without coaxing.

Now, when we consider that man is but an animal, with most proclivities of the animal, when regarded physically, it is evident that Calla's plan of allowing him to take his mental food as forbidden fruit or on the sly, is highly calculated to succeed.

I can hardly claim to be a full-fledged Spiritualist myself, not at least to that extent of enthusiasm of sugar-coating mental pabulum to attract the common vulgar or conceitedly wise into the fold. My belief in Spiritualism, so far as it goes, is in some degree compulsory, not because I wanted to believe, but because my curiosity lead me to examine and reexamine the phenomena in all its varieties, and my senses compelled me to know its reality and truth, and hence my belief is involuntary

But, then, why should I go to the trouble of making proselptes of conceited or prejudiced people against their will; ignorance of the truth is their loss, not mine. Why should I cast pearls before swine? When I meet with any one spiritually minded, and in a receptive mood for the truth, I am always ready and willing to communicate it. Others may feel it their duty to force it on them, but I am not so benevolent. It is a mighty truth which has made its advent, and will prevail. Those who do not receive it may be pitied, but let them suffer the consequences. In this opinion I may differ from others and be odd, but like one with an odd-shaped nose, am not accountable for it.

Written for the LIGHT OF TRUTH.]

THE MYSTERY OF INIQUITY.

JAMES CORKERY, EX MONK.

"The mystery of iniquity" may be defined as the deification of injustice or the apotheosis of guilt, which, by turning things upside down, or downside up, becomes, in the estimation of "the totally depraved," the proper thing to do.

God, who may be regarded as the ideal centre and the fount of all that is divine, the source of happiness, the guardian and support of virtue, the essence of the true, the beautiful, and the good, becomes to the blackguard, bent upon unseemly practices, the nightmare of the world; and so if truth be crushed or God be killed, the blackguard is in clover, for the powers above by "holy martrydom" being thus disposed of the powers beneath become triumphant, and in the jubilee of crime which flows "there is no more a fearful looking for of judgment."

This is the element as "the gospel of good news for sinners," which, to the *vile*, makes Christianity so popular; for substituting the innocent for the guilty, and cancelling transgression by this perpetration of a crime more heinous, the murderer is redeemed from hell or purgatory by the execution of a nobler victim.

To the righteous, on the contrary, yearning for the annihilation of evil, "to crush the serpent's head" becomes the paramount object of ambition; and thus among the sons of men, between the lawless and the lawfully disposed, there is an abiding controversy as between the powers of darkness and the powers of light, and each of the contesting parties—representatives of hell and heaven respectively—will have cause for jubilation or for sorrow, as God or his satanic majesty is vanquished in the fight.

Touching the survival of the fittest upon our planet there is thus established a different standard of propriety, self-interest making the crucifixion of the god-head a subject of "glad tidings for transgressors," and the crucifixion of the devil the subject of glad tidings for their opponents.

In this analysis of fundamental principles, simple as the division of night from day, and having all the certainty of a problem in mathematics, there can be no confusion of ideas, no room for uncertainty or doubt whatever. God and the devil as opposing captains of salvation, with their respective advocates of right and wrong, are in the balance, and as the one goes up the other goes down, the triumph of the devil, befriending the ungodly, resulting in the overthrow of righteousness.

The hostile principles of good and evil, for ages warring in every breast, and more or less matured by time in consequence, appear to have reached, in the days of Pontius Pilate, in their eternal struggle for supremacy, their climax of development and turning point of blessedness in the history of the world, for the decision then arrived at, founded upon popular verdict, has been ever since accepted by almost all our doctors of divinity as the basis of salvation for the masses.

The crucifixion of the innocent being thus established as the only ladder of promotion to the skies, brutality, in "fountains filled with blood" rejoicing, has scored a signal triumph; and the vanquished, led into the jaws of death "as sheep unto the slaughter," have nothing now to do or to expect but calmly to accept the verdict of the Jewish rabble as final in the domain of morals, and strive by treading in the bleeding foot-prints of "the man of sorrows" to carry out, to the best of their ability, his suicidal program, or dead march to the grave, till time shall be no more.

This religion of death and desolation, converting earth into a field of blood and life into a funeral march, is, certainly, "good news for sinners;" for being in its nature radically wrong, it identifies itself in spirit with the worthless and degraded of every race and clime, setting the seal of heaven upon hypocrisy.

Distrustful of the decision of Pontius Pilate and the infallibility of the Jewish rabbis, let us look at this historic picture of depravity in all its bearings, let us survey the victim and his persecutors, and see if this tragedy or comedy of errors, in the light of eighteen centuries of progress, can stand the test of impartial inquiry. Who are the characters, it will be asked, and what is the case to be decided? Briefly stated, they are Jesus and Barabbas, or right opposed to might, with crucifixion as the penalty attached.

Before such a tribunal in such a cause, with Scribes and Pharisees clamoring for gore, the program of iniquity becomes divine, the meek reformer is condemned for doing right, the robber and murderer acquitted to rectify the mischief!

Reader, can you acquiesce in these decisions? Can you make God responsible for villainy? Then, if not, you are not a Christian; for upon the merit and the sanctity of these infernally grotesque proceedings the hope of all our clergymen is founded, every mother's son of whom, as a legitimate Scribe or Pharisee sitting in the chair of Moses, aims, by extinguishing the Light of Truth and making treason to humanity respectable, to shine in borrowed plumes as a bird of paradise forever.

As that which is inherently detestable can never be the subject of divine approval, the execution of Christ was, to say the least, an egregious blunder, a crime of such unparalleled barbarity and fiendish malignity that no man with an enlightened conscience can ever have the hardihood to defend it Despite all that "holy Church" may say of Good Friday in her religion of "holy murder" to the contrary, "the triumph of the powers of darkness" are the triumphs of the harlot, and what was wrong on Calvary's Mount so very long ago can not be justified in other places now, much less become the theme of everlasting glory for Columbia.

With crucifixion in any shape, as the religion of hell beatified, Columbia has naught to do. The world is on the move, and ecclesiasticism can not prevent it. The star-bespangled vault on high, and not "the holy sepulcher" of death, constitutes the paradise of true Americans. The cross or crutch of Pontius Pilate, as the symbol of unrighteousness, must be no more, therefore, regarded with devotion. Men are overcrucified already, and 'tis more charitable to take them down from this "accursed tree" than to fasten them thereon for the glory of the priest through an eternity of torture.

Written for the LIGHT OF TRUTH.]

SPIRIT HEALING.

MRS. H. CHRISJOHN.

I have an experience which I think is worthy of note. I am a confirmed believer in the ministry and agency of spirits, just because I can not help it, and have had the best of reasons for it according to many experiences manifested to myself and in my own home. Eight years ago the past Winter, I was not yet a firm believer in Spiritualism—had never witnessed any phenomena. But some weeks before the experiences which I am about to relate, Mrs. Dr. Attwood, of California, came to this city, where she and her husband had previously lived, and been engaged in business, and at which time I never had any acquaintance with either of them. But about this time she was making a canvass of the city, and came to my house, where our acquaintance began, and for which I sincerely thank God and all other good spirits or angels on account of her coming, for she did me great good by her presence, as well as having treated my daughter effectually. She brought to me a great light, which has never faded or grown dim, and which increases in brightness continually. A few weeks after she left the city I was sorely afflicted with neuralgia in the head, a very sore spot, about the size of a half-dollar, came on my forehead just over my left eye, and every morning with daylight or sunrise, would come the most excruciating pain, not ceasing until sundown.

For three days I was nearly crazed, when the doctor was brought. He only gave me morphine and prescribed powders of quinine to be taken through the night, but the treatment only sickened me the more. After two or three days more a homeopathic physician was called, and he treated me for eleven days, but did not cure the pain, though relieved it. It was a matter of time, he said, that it could only be conquored gradually and I should use hot compresses. These relieved me most of anything. I could not do any work in the daytime, but had to sit or lie still until evening. Finally, when nineteen days had passed in this way I became discouraged. As I prepared for my night's rest an earnet prayer escaped my lips, that the terrible pain might, in some way, be taken away from me. I implored the good God most fervently to send me help that I might be able to rise the next day free from the suffering to enable me to do my work. Then I laid me down to sleep, and slept soundly too, till just before I heard the clock strike three. Then I was roused to consciousness by the touch of warm fingers laid on my forehead where the sore spot and pain came every day before. I opened my eyes as soon as possible; raised up on my elbow and looked about the room (the light was burning) and listened to catch any sound that might be. But there was none; the family were all sound asleep. It was a strange occurrence to me, and I felt the touch so real that I was startled with fear, but there came such an assurance that everthing was all right and nothing there to harm me, that I felt peaceful and laid down to sleep again, rising in the blessed new day refreshed and free to do the duties of my home—a thankful mortal as ever was. The pain never returned or settled there again to this day. Now, whose fingers did I feel? As heat relieved me, so also the touch was warm.

A few days ago I was saying to a good sister Christian Scientist and also a believer in spirit communication how much I realized what my spirit helpers had done to benefit me in the last severe months of illness, and that I had been assured of it by their fulfilled promises, when the good sister said that some persons had intimated to her that she, too, had been helped by the spirits in a late dangerous illness, when she would have no doctor, but her own faith and other scientists to aid her. She also said that she never admitted that spirits or angels helped her, believing it to be the one great spirit or power called God. Well, we admit that all good, all power comes from him, but whose warm hand touched me, and took away my pain, which the doctors failed to do? It was not my faith nor my will, because I was asleep. My desire called for help and I received it. If it was God, the supreme spirit who gave it, so unmistakably felt, then he must be a spirit formed like unto us with hands. I can not understand how it is, but if it was a good angel who came to relieve me, I can realize the manner in which it was done, and furthermore, believe it was all for a purpose to teach and to show me the greatest truths of life; for, from that time I have been a thoughtful recipient and advocate of the first and grandest truth which the Nazarene taught, which was future existence and spirit return.

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NEWS FROM CORRESPONDENTS, Continued.

LOCALS AND PERSONALS.

—Mrs. Virginia Barrett, a fine psychometrist and speaker, is open for engagements. See column of movements of mediums.

—Mrs. Josephine Bartholomew, trumpet medium of this city, has been spending a little time at Lake Brady, but contemplates going to Cassadaga this week.

—The attention of our readers is called to the advertisement of Miss Clarine C Smith in another column. She may prove a valuable agent in our ranks in the musical department.

—Mrs. E. V. Chapin writes that the trumpet medium, formerly Mrs. Mary Garrett, but now Mrs. Thomas Sharron, wishes to announce her change of residence to 112 Dalton Avenue, where she will be pleased to see her friends.

—The July number of the *Lyceum Banner* contains an illustration of Alonzo Danforth, of Boston, one of the veterans in the Lyceum cause. For sample copy address J. J. Morse, 26 Osnaburgh street, Easton road, London, N. W., England.

—The Society of the Washington Union of St. Paul, Minn., has closed its meetings for the Summer, thereby giving their much-beloved pastor, Mrs. C. D Pruden, a needed vacation and rest. The meetings will be resumed the first Sunday in September.

—Mrs. A L. Pennell, business and test medium, gives daily sittings at 64 Carlisle avenue, this city. She also holds regular circles every Tuesday and Friday evenings at 8 o'clock, which investigators will find interesting and instructive. Mrs. Pennel is a good medium and trustworthy.

—Jennie Hagan Jackson has added to her list of camps for 1893 those of Ashley, O, where she will attend from September 6th to 11th, and Liberal, Mo, from August 11th to close of meeting. She still has open dates from August 15th to 23d, which she would be pleased to fill. Address 399 South Lafayette street, Grand Rapids, Mich.

—The president of Cassadaga Camp, Mr. A. Gaston, and director Mrs. M. Skidmore, were at Lake Brady last week. Mrs. Jennie B. H. Jackson was also among the visitors, and writes in praise of the camp. Among others present she also mentions Dr. and Mrs. Temple, Mrs. and Mrs. Adkins, of Kansas City, and Auditor Bangs, of Cleveland.

—P. A. Sequin, publisher of the *True Protestant*, appeals for subscriptions to harbor two priests who are seeking refuge and protection for telling the truth about Catholicism. He says he has to live from hand to mouth himself to abide by his principles, yet can not refuse to assist his brethren in distress. Address 116 North Paulina Street, Chicago, Ill.

—Prof. J. Clegg Wright will be at Lake Brady camp this week, from whence he goes to Chesterfield, Ind., then to Queen City Park, winding up at Onset Bay two last Sundays in August. St. Louis will have the honor of his presence during September, and undoubtedly all the friends he meets in assembly in this round will enjoy some pleasant hours listening to his wholesome talks.

—Mrs. Jackson is preparing a book of photographic views of the various Spiritualist camp-meetings. This will make an excellent souvenir for camp visitors and be an everlasting joy to them in after years—especially as changes from the rural to the cosmopolitan are making rapid strides. Mrs. Jennie B H. Jackson may be addressed at Lily Dale, N. Y., for the next week, who will take orders for the above.

—We have every assurance that the coming meetings held by the People's Philosophical Society of Spiritualists will be a grand success and more generally attended than any of the meetings heretofore. This is owing to the fact that the lectures given by Prof. Joseph Ernst have become more widely known, and the tests given by Augusta Kopp, assisted by Miss Walter and Mrs. Deam, are recognized. Vocal and instrumental music will be given by Mrs. Harrison.

—We are sorry to hear of a protracted illness of Mr. H. W. Archer at Lake Brady camp. It is nearly four weeks now that he has been compelled to give way to nature's grip on an exhausted nervous system. But thanks to the guidance which led him to this pleasant Summer resort to be better able to endure the suffering which he has been subjected to. We trust, however, by next week, to hear of his convalesence, to be followed by a new lease of life and a higher mediumship for the good work he is engaged in.

—"Echoes from the World of Song" is the euphonious name of a handsome book bound in cloth with illustrations on the cover. Within its pretty enclosure are fifty five choice songs with music and chorus, mostly by Prof. C. P. Longley. They are printed on fine paper, sheet-music size. A frontispiece contains a good lithograph of the composer and Mrs. M. T. Longley, the well known authoress and favorite amenuensis for spirit messages. The book is retailed for $1 50—the music alone being worth double that—and is adapted for home use, camp meetings, circles, or wherever the spirit of song is welcome. Some of the words to the music are by Mrs Longley, and this already lends a sweetness to the whole which enhances its value spiritually and materially. Emma Train, one of the leading poets in our ranks, is also conspicuous among the song-writers. The book may be ordered from Mrs. M. T. Longley, 9 Bosworth street, Boston, or through the Light of Truth Co, Cincinnati, O.

Ashley, O.

The time of closing camp at Woolley Part has been extended to September 12th, instead of closing September 4th as first reported, beginning August 19 and holding over four Sundays.

The Sunday programs are as follows. August 20th, D. A. Herrick, Hon. O. P. Kellogg. Mrs. Carrie Firth. August 27th, Mrs. Firth, O. P. Kellogg. September 3d, D. M King, Hon. A. B. French September 10, D. M. King and Mrs. Jennie B. Jackson.

During the intervening weeks there will be lectures nearly every day by some of the above named speakers. Tests will be given from the rostrum whenever possible.

D. A. Harrick will give trumpet seances as also Mrs. Dr. Clemens, of Columbus. Mr. and Mrs. Clemens are well-known clairvoyants and magnetic healers, and will devote much of their time to healing the sick.

Three good seance-rooms are being erected to accommodate and meet the demands of the various phases of mediumship that are expected to be present. A first class dining-hall will be in operation on the grounds, and ample arrangements are being made to take care of everyone who comes to our camp. Sleeping-rooms and tents will be furnished as cheaply as possible. For further particulars address THOS. H. MOREHOUSE, Cor. Sec'y. Marengo, O.

Minneapolis, Minn.

In justice to Mr. F. M Donovan, of your city, through whom the phenomena of slate-writing and the spirit telegraph have recently been produced at Prospect Park, near this city, I desire to say a few words.

The attempt on the part of one to convict Mr. Donovan of being a fraud through the columns of the Minneapolis *Evening Journal*, has produced the inevitable result of all such so called "exposures," viz, to increase the number of investigators.

The writer says, that because he could disconnect and titillate a wire with his little finger, and thereby "fill the room with clicks,," therefore it is proven that that is the way, and the only way, in which Donovan produces the phenomena. How strange that no one should have noticed the gentle titillation of that wire, lying there fully exposed to view in the broad light of day.

The writer of this was a stranger to Mr. Donovan and to the phenomena of slate-writing and telegraphy when he began his investigations. The conditions required by Mr. Donovan were extremely simple. Everything was open to the light of day, and he cheerfully submitted to such test conditions that I desired. The first slate-writing that I received was in the afternoon of a bright, clear day in June. The slates were taken direct from the store where I bought them, and were securely tied together. They never left my hands until after the writing. I held them tightly in my own hands. Mr. Donovan simply holding the opposite ends with me. In less than thirty seconds I untied them and found written on the inside these words: "My dear boy, I was mistaken. Your Uncle John." I can certify under oath that there was no pencil or other substance placed between the slates, and that Mr. Donovan did not produce the writing mechanically; it was done entirely independent of his personal handwriting. It was my first experience in slate-writing, and I took every precaution to secure a demonstration absolutely free from every suspicion of fraud.

Not only was there manifested here the physical act of writing without the use of a pencil, but what is far more important to me, as a test, there was an intelligent communication given in answer to a question that I had asked, mentally, to have this same person answer. And further, while the answer was meaningless without a knowledge of what the question was, and of this I am positive that Mr. Donovan knew nothing. It did exactly answer the question I had asked, and the proof of the genuineness of the phenomena can not be doubted. I also made an apparatus whereby I locked Mr. Donovan to the floor in such a manner that it was physically impossible to move arms or legs ten inches from the iron standard to which he was locked. While in this condition I received an intelligent communication in writing on a slate lying upon a table placed three feet in front of where Mr. Donovan sat. If any so called "detective," slight-of-hand performer, or any other person in the world, will duplicate this phenomena under the same test conditions, and afterwards explain to me how he did it, I will pay him one thousand dollars in gold.

I would like to add the following test as conclusive evidence of the genuineness of Mr. Donovon's telegraphy. About the first of June last I received word that a friend of mine was lying in the hospital at Duluth, Minn., sick with typhoid fever. On June 17th I received a letter from my friend's brother at Duluth, fully expecting to receive word of his death I did not open it, but took it with me to the camp that afternoon for the purpose of a test. With my wife I visited Mr. Donovan and received a message from my friend's wife, who had passed over some years previous. I then asked her where her husband was at that time, telling her to be accurate as possible, for I was doing it as a test. The answer came as follows: "He is in Minneapolis." I then asked where he was that instant (about fifteen minutes before six o'clock). The answer came after a minute or two. "She will answer on the slate." I instantly took two of my slates, which I had kept wrapped in paper, tied them together and put them on the floor. Mr. Donovan telling my wife to stand on them. This she did. In less than one minute my wife untied the slates and found written in a fine feminine hand, on the inside of the slate, the full name of my friend whom I supposed dead, giving his middle initial, which I did not know, nor did my wife know it, and stating that he was at a certain number, which I afterwards verified and found to be strictly true. I then opened the letter, and his brother therein told me that he, my friend, was in Minneapolis, thus confirming and absolutely proving the truth of the message I had received by the telegraph on the slates.

A. O. HOYT,
Manager Minneapolis Brass and Iron Mf'g. Co.

Prospect Park Camp.

I snatch a moment in which to write a word in regard to breaking camp and my future movements.

To-day, July 9th, is our last in camp. It has been a season of rest and work, if you can reconcile the two. I have made many friends and a number of converts. My test meetings have been very successful, and to day, at 4 o'clock, I close my engagement with the association by giving one more test circle.

Last evening I lectured and gave tests, filling the place of Sister Abbie Judson who was feeling quite unwell and felt she could not do herself justice.

Mrs. C. D. Pruden and myself filled in the time to-day. J. Clegg Wright gave one of his wonderful lectures, which raised his hearers to the seventh heaven, and from which far height the inspiration again brought us back to earth, brought us back so gradually and by such easy stages that we did not feel the shock of again coming to earth.

Mrs. Richings is speaking while I write, and my hand moves mechanically while my ears sense her beautiful words of wisdom.

To-night closes our work here; to morrow morning will find us speeding toward the World's Fair, having concluded to go directly there instead of staying here the intervening time between now and our August engagement. We feel a rest will not be amiss after the continuous work we have done since last March. Our future address will be 6236 Morgan street, Englewood P. O, Ill., care C. H. T. Benton, M D.

SALLIE C. SCOVELL.

Lake Cora, Mich.

The quarterly meeting of Spiritualists of southwestern Michigan convened at Lake Cora June 25th. The meeting was called to order by President W. R. Sirrine. A piece of music was then rendered by the Mesdames Butler and Buskirk, after which our amiable speaker, Mrs. Anna Orvis, of Chicago, opened her lecture by an invocation, subject of lecture, "The foundation of spiritual teachings with some practical applications." Then followed another piece of music by the mesdames and an inspirational poem by the speaker on "What is liberty?" The subject was given her by someone in the audience. This closed the forenoon services.

The afternoon services opened at 2 o'clock with a piece of music by the Mesdames Butler and Buskirk, a short lecture by Mrs. Kline, of Ohio, another piece of music, and a song by Mrs. Orvis, entitled, "The loom of life." A recitation was then rendered by Mrs. Snider, of Marcellus, Mich., entitled, "Two ways of serving the Lord." Mrs. Orvis then took the rostrum and answered questions handed her from the audience, answering as many as time permitted, giving satisfaction to all present. A piece of music closed the meeting. It was decided to hold the next meeting at the same place sometime in August.

H. A SORTON, Sec'y.

Portland, Oregon.

These was a large crowd assembled in the First Spiritual Society Hall on Sunday July 2d, to listen to the lecture given by the guides of Mrs. A E Barker who chose for their subject "Psychic Forces." The points made were logical and awakened interest in this line of thought never before having been presented from this platform. The lady is a stranger to us, but she has the right kind of guides to promulgate the truth of Spiritualism from a point of nature. This lecture was followed by tests from the rostrum by Mrs. Adah R. Smith, one of the best platform mediums on the coast, who followed the tests with an improvised poem, the subject being handed from the audience.

These meetings will be open throughout the summer, and we hope much good may be done in the name of Spiritualism.

Mrs. Flora A. Brow has closed her meetings and is now in Denver.

W. CLINE.

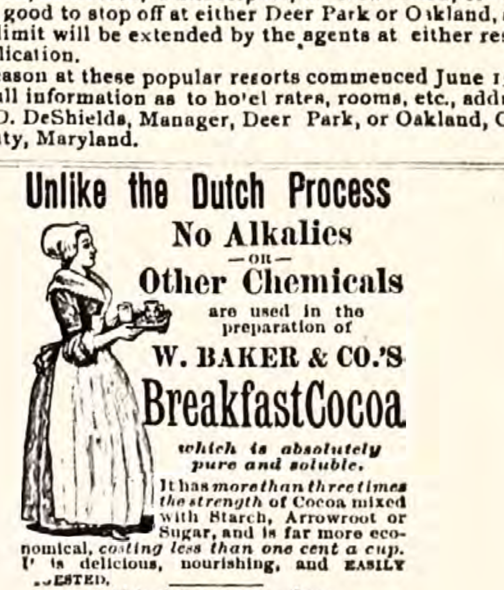
Deer Park and Oakland.

To those contemplating a trip to the mountains in search of health and pleasure, Deer Park, on the crest of the Allegheny Mountains, 3 000 feet above the sea level, offers such varied attractions as a delightful atmosphere during both day and night, pure water, smooth, winding roads through the mountains and valleys, and the most picturesque scenery in the Allegheny range. The hotel is equipped with all adjuncts conducive to the entertainment, pleasure and comfort of its guests.

The surrounding grounds, as well as the hotel, are lighted with electricity. Six miles distant on the same mountain summit is Oakland, the twin resort of Deer Park, and equally as well equipped for the entertainment and accommodation of its guests. Both hotels are upon the main line of the Baltimore and Ohio Railway, have the advantages of its splendid Vestibuled Limited Express trains between the East and West, and are most desirable resting places for World's Fair tourists. Season Excursion tickets, good for return passage until October 31st, will be placed on sale at greatly reduced rates at all principal ticket offices throughout the country. One way tickets reading from St. Louis, Louisville, Cincinnati, Columbus, Chicago, and any point on B. & O system to Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, or New York, or vice versa, are good to stop off at either Deer Park or Oakland, and the time limit will be extended by the agents at either resort upon application.

The season at these popular resorts commenced June 15th.

For full information as to hotel rates, rooms, etc., address George D. DeShields, Manager, Deer Park, or Oakland, Garrett County, Maryland.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Camp Notes from Lake Brady.

The first week of the season of '93 at Camp Lake Brady has come and gone, fraught with its many interesting features of camp life, to say nothing of the manifold interests of Spiritualism.

The opening, already reported occurred on Sunday, July 2d, Monday being our day of rest." Only a brief conference was held in the afternoon, but Tuesday arrangements were made for an old fashioned Fourth of July, with its oration, ovation, and, oh, when the festive fire-cracker sounded in feminine ears!

Hon. O. P. Kellog gave the address of the day, but could not resist the temptation to introduce a little new-fashioned sentiment, but the old gray bird was duly eulogized, and every American, whether by birth or adoption that was present, received from the speaker an inspiration to go on and help make our country what it is claimed to be, "a land of the free and a home of the brave."

Miss Maggie Gaule of Baltimore introduced a unique feature for Fourth of July celebrations, that of messages from the so called dead. The hop in the evening was largely attended, and Lake Brady Camp closed its eyes with the satisfactory feeling that, considering the real condition of this republic, it had done its full, perhaps more than full, patriotic duty.

Mrs. Cora Richmond spent most of the week with us, grappling with a master intellect the many questions presented during her discourses.

The Ladies' Auxiliary of Lake Brady Camp, a movement originating in Cleveland, held an interesting meeting Friday evening to which nearly all the talent on the ground contributed.

The "principals" were named to look to their laurels or a transposition may occur in which we will hear of a men's auxiliary.

Willard J. Hull's lecture Saturday afternoon, though it could not be called inspirational, being carefully prepared with manuscript notes, was a masterpiece of logic and sound common sense. Some calling themselves "Christian Spiritualists" refused to attend his next lecture on Sunday, they being of that class of people who simply add to their orthodox faiths the belief in communion with the so-called dead. Mr. Hull's wholesale creed slaughter shocked their sensibilities. But their ranks were filled by others preferring these agnostic teachings.

The alliance of Miss Frances Willard, representing the W. C. T. U. with the "National Reform Association" to put the Christian creed, or a part of it, into the constitution, gave him a cudgel which he used unmercifully, not against Christianity in its true spiritual meaning, but against the senseless dogmas of belief, that have not yet been shaken from its skirts. His lecture was an eloquent tribute to our present civilization compared with that of the past, and an earnest appeal to true Americanism against this attempt to bind this yoke of a creed upon the necks of our people. "Shall any mere form of religion fasten itself upon us and fetter the wheels of our national progress?" Mr. Hull's ringing voice asked the question, which was quickly responded to by cries of no! no! And may this echo resound throughout the nation.

Jennie Hagan Jackson gave one of her bright little talks Sunday upon the themes "I am To day." Upon the "I am" she touched rather highly, not entering into its deeper metaphysical meaning but "To day" called out some practical truths in regard to us as a nation. She traced the history of other nations, whose destruction had been brought about by just such elements as we are now fostering, showing how the twin wolves Extravagance and Want are gnawing at the vitals of our nation, said she:

"I recently visited an immense manufacturing establishment, and after being shown the wonderful mechanism of wheels, belts, cogs, and pulleys, I asked the proprietor, what part of his machinery he considered the most valuable.

Just then the dinner bell sounded, and the men and women employees began pouring through the gateway. "There," said be, pointing to the throng, "is my best and most valuable machinery." "Do you take the same care of it as you do of this other machinery?" I asked. "Oh no," he answered lightly, "it takes care of itself; that is what makes it the best." This in our free America, where lubrication and repairs of machinery are placed side by side, with the cheap coffee, inferior meat and third grade flour necessary for the human machines and doled out to each in just sufficient quantity.

There are fifteen tents and sixteen cottages, all occupied, on the ground and many applications for more; the association tents are all engaged, and many have brought tents with them. All the various phases of mediumship promised are now on the ground, and thus early in the camp, many new concerts to truth have already been made.

The severe illness of Harry Archer, one of our very best materializing mediums here on the grounds, has awakened our deep sympathy. He has our best wishes for his speedy recovery.

MRS. M. MCCASLIN.

Cleveland, O.

W. J Colville, of Chicago, editor of the *Problem of Life*, and author of "World's Fair Text Book of Mental Therapeutics," etc., will give the following evening course of lectures on "Psychic Science," commencing Tuesday, July 25, 1893. The following subjects in the following order.

July 25—What is Life? What is the Soul? How may we discover it?

July 26—Spiritual Gifts. Are they inate and universal?

July 27—Gift of Prophecy. Can it be acquired?

July 28—Clairvoyance and Clairaudience.

July 29—Telapathy and Psychometry.

July 30—Nature's Book of Remembrance; How may we read it?

July 31—The Law of Attraction. How it honors those who trust it?

August 1—A Plain Talk on Mental Healing, with directions for practice.

August 2—Heredity and Karma. How to conquer and develop tendencies.

August 3—The True Significance of Dreams: How to regulate them.

August 4—How to Travel Without Leaving Home.

In these lessons the subject of "Health; how to gain it and how to keep it," will be rationally and clearly expounded. The teaching will be of practical importance to everybody. Questions invited after each lesson.

Tickets admitting to full course of eleven lectures one dollar; single admission fifteen cents.

T. L.

Kane, Pa.

Chautauqua Lake and Return, via P. & L. E. R. R., $5, Tuesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays. Through parlor car.

Allegheny Valley Railway. Lake Chautauqua and return $5, each Tuesday, Friday, and Saturday during July and August. Tickets good fifteen days returning. Trains leave Union Station, Pittsburg, at 8 40 a. m. and 9.10 p. m. Pullman cars on both trains. Each Saturday train leaving Pittsburg at 1 30 p. m. will run through to Lake Chautauqua, arriving at 9 15 p. m.

These two clippings from the *Pittsburg Post* being notices of our five dollar excursion to Chatauqua, N. Y, and return, good for fifteen days. Our Pittsburg friends can thereby get a cheap rate to Lily Dale, as these tickets are good to Jamestown, N. Y., or Falconer Junction, only twenty miles from the Cassadaga Camp-grounds, and connecting at Falconer Junction with D. A. V. & P. R. R, running direct to Lily Dale.

THOS. G. RUFFHEAD.

Camp-Meetings for 1893.

Queen City Park, Burlington, Vt., from July 30 to Sept. 3.
Haslett Park, Mich., from July 27th to August 28th.
Indiana Camp, Chesterfield, Ind., from July 20th to August 14th.
Cassadaga, N. Y., July 21st to August 27th.
Mt. Pleasant Park, Clinton, Ia., July 30th, to August 28th.
Ashley, O., August 20th to September 4th.
Verona Park, Maine, August 13th to 27th.
Liberal, Mo., August 19 to September 4.
Northwestern Spiritual Association, Merrimac Island, June 30 to July 23.
Summerland, Cal., July 2 to 23.
New Era, Clackamas Co., Ore., July 7 to 23.
Lake Brady, July 2 to September 3.
Etna, Me., August 18 to September 3.
Cape Cod, Harwich Port, Mass., July 16 to 30.
Lake Pleasant, Mass., July 30 to August 27.
Vicksburg, Mich., August 11-27.
Onset, Mass., July 9 to August 27.
Devil's Lake, Mich., July 28th to August 14th.
Parkland, Pa., July 16 to September 10
Mantua Station, O., July 23 to August 14.
Delphos, Kan., August 11 to 27.
Sunapee Lake, N. H., August 13 to 27.
Niantic, Conn., July 1 to September 5
Temple Heights—Northport, Me.

The 20th Annual Convocation

—OF THE—

N. E. S. C. A.

—AT—

LAKE PLEASANT, MASS.,

—MEETS—

July 30 to August 27, 1893, inclusive.

SPEAKERS.

July 30, August 1 and 3.	Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes.
August 4, 5, and 6,	Mrs. R. S Lillie.
August 8 and 10,	Mrs. Clara Banks expected.
August 11, 13, and 15,	Mr. Willard J. Hull.
August 17, 18, and 20,	Hon. A. B. French.
August 19 and 24,	Mrs. Carrie Twing
August 22,	Mrs Tillie Reynolds.
August 23, 25, and 27,	Mr J. Frank Baxter.

Mr John Slater, the most remarkable of test mediums, will give tests at every lecture and conference during the encampment.

For particulars send for circulars.
J. MILTON YOUNG, Clerk.
A. H DAILY, President.
Lake Pleasant, Franklin Co., Mass.

NOTES FROM ALL POINTS.

Boston, Mass.—Dr. N. J. Morris, secretary and treasurer, writes that the Society of Ethical and Spiritual Culture has closed its meetings until September 10th but has leased the hall formerly known as Twilight Hall, 789 Washington Street, for a term of years, which event will be celebrated on the above date. This is a fine hall, centrally located and seats four hundred. Prof. Kenyon will inaugurate the season.

Eddyville, Ia.—On returning from a visit to Duluth and the upper lakes it was the good province of myself and wife to visit the camp-meeting now being held by the North Western Spiritualist Association on Merrimac Island, eight miles below St Paul, Minn. Their president, Bach, is a genial, whole-souled gentleman, and by his grace and affability spreading light and sunshine, makes himself the right man in the right place, while his son, W. H. Bach, the efficient secretary, was almost omnicient and omnipresent in his labors and endeavors to make all comfortable and happy. Here we found the undoubted proof of spirit return by materialization through Mrs. Bessie Aspinwall and C. E. Winans, and which to us is no longer faith, but knowledge. Among the test mediums I must mention F. Corden White, now of Chicago, who is a host in himself, and for whom I bespeak a brilliant future. I would gladly speak of others, such as Oscar A. Edgerly, J. S. Craven, spirit artist, with many others, but feel that your space will not permit —Wm. Cowley.

Willimantic, Conn.

The twelfth annual convention at Niantic Camp-ground, Connecticut, began July 1st, and continues until September 5th.

The Spiritualist Camp ground at Niantic is one of the finest places yet discovered for the holding of meetings during Summer. This camp is situated in a lovely pine grove, surrounded on three sides by water. The view from the camp is one of the finest in clear days. Long Island Sound can be seen in all its beauty. Niantic Camp is about one-half mile from Niantic Station on the shore line division of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad, six miles west of New London, Conn.

The spacious dining hall was opened July 1st, where table board is furnished at $4 per week.

The New London Railroad will sell excursion tickets from all stations to the camp. The steamer Block Island will make a specialty of conveying excursion parties of campers on its most delightful ocean sails.

The speakers for the season of 1893 at Niantic camp are: Rev. E. T Allen, F. A. Wiggin, G. A. Fuller, Mrs Clara Banks, Joseph D. Stiles, J. Frank Baxter, G. E. B. Ewell, and Mrs. E. C. Kimball.

Besides the above speakers and mediums representing the various phases will be constant dwellers at the camp, and will offer every opportunity for the study of both the phenomena and philosophy of Spiritualism.

A fine orchestra, will furnish music. Dancing and other amusements, such as bathing, fishing, clam-digging, to be enjoyed by all.

Niantic is an old Indian camping-ground, and is filled with good influences. To this place the association extends a cordial invitation to all who are in sympathy with progressive thought.

CARRIE M. BILL.

Dent, O.

With deepest interest I read whatever I see on the subject of organization of Spiritualists, believing it of vital importance for their growth and strength. Being thus in sympathy with the movement now being made for that purpose, the article of Thomas G. Ruffhead, in a recent issue, in which he speaks of the seeming lethargy of many in our ranks, to come forward and announce themselves for or against the movement, so impressed me that I felt like speaking out my mind, even if it is not counted among our leading and influential class of thinkers, and has but a limited influence.

It seems to me that there should be a general responsive approval all along the line of spiritual thinkers. Realizing as we do the strength and power by the combination and union of forces, how can it be otherwise? In your editorial in regard to it you request that those in favor of the Washington (D. C.) movement signify it by sending a mite to the treasurer. Gladly would I respond with my widow's mite, only regretting I have not the power to make it go around in response to the many appeals to the charity, or philanthropy, of Spiritualists for benevolent objects. Had I, as too many have, some acquired habit, causing a needless waste of time and mean, I would soon cease self-indulgence, and devote to higher and nobler purposes what might thus be acquired.

E. A. MAGOON.

Card of Thanks.

Mrs. B. M. Purple wishes to express through the columns of LIGHT OF TRUTH her heart-felt thanks to the many friends at Lily Dale for their great and continued kindness to her during the painful illness and transition of her husband, and for the many favors and words of sympathy which daily brighten her pathway. Mrs. Purple is making a strenuous effort to recuperate from the unavoidable inroads which have been made upon her finances during her husband's illness and demise. She has refitted and beautified her cottage and has several convenient and pleasant rooms to rent on reasonable terms, and we shall be glad of every helping hand that is extended toward her in this time of need, for she has been a faithful and earnest worker, and a fearless champion of the knowledge which makes us free.

Hotel Accommodation Cassadaga Lake Free Association.

The Grand Hotel is now in fine condition for the reception of guests, having been newly furnished throughout, and fitted with modern conveniences.

The hotel will be open this season, during the entire summer, from June 1st to September.

The prices for board, with room, are $1 00 to $2 00 per day, according to room. Transient meals, 50 cents; lodging, 50 cents.

Campers and regular occupants of tents and cottages can get their meals at the hotel, by the week, at 25 cents each.

Lodging can be obtained at cottages at reasonable prices.

The daily admission of the grounds is 15 cents per day, and for campers inside the gates 10 cents per day.

Ground for tenting purposes can always be had free of cost, by application to the authorities.

Groceries, provisions, fresh meats and milk can be purchased on the grounds.

AN ASTHMA CURE AT LAST.

European physicians and medical journals report a positive cure for Asthma, in the Kola plant, found on the Congo River, West Africa. The Kola Importing Co., 1164 Broadway, New York, are sending free trial cases of the Kola Compound by mail to all sufferers from Asthma, who send name and address on a postal card. A trial costs you nothing.

Rowley's Occult Telegraph.

This is the greatest mystery of the nineteenth century, and at the same time a well-attested scientific fact. Through this remarkable instrument spirit Dr. Wells, now so well known throughout the world, diagnoses and prescribes for patients everywhere, and very seldom, if ever, fails to perfect a permanent cure where the most eminent physicians have failed. All this is accomplished through the mediumship of W. S. ROWLEY, M. D., who has taken a course in homeopathy and is also a graduate of Rush Medical College of Chicago allopathic and the Eclectic Medical Institute of Cincinnati, O., and therefore is fully competent to carry out any and all instructions and please the adherents of all schools of medicine. For the next three months, in order to increase the circulation of the LIGHT OF TRUTH as a matter of personal friendship, I will send diagnosis and medicine to last two weeks and the LIGHT OF TRUTH FOR ONE YEAR for $2 00 to all new patients and non-subscribers. Old subscribers can subscribe for any of their friends who are not taking this paper. Regular patients, by sending $6 00 for three treatments in advance, can have LIGHT OF TRUTH sent to any address for one year free. Send for circular "A." Address,
W. S. ROWLEY, M.D., No. 9 Glen Park Place, Cleveland, O.